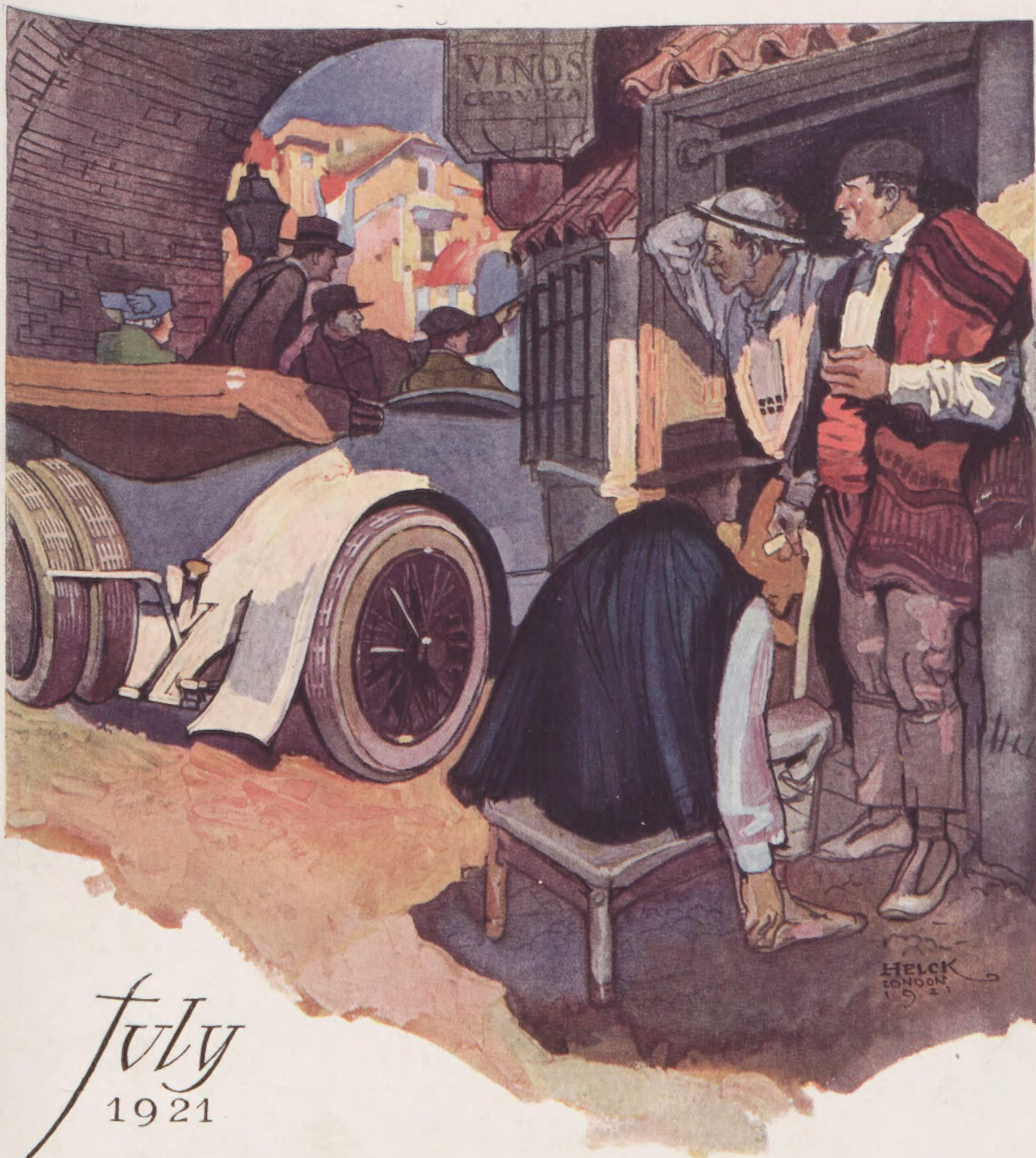


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*July*  
1921

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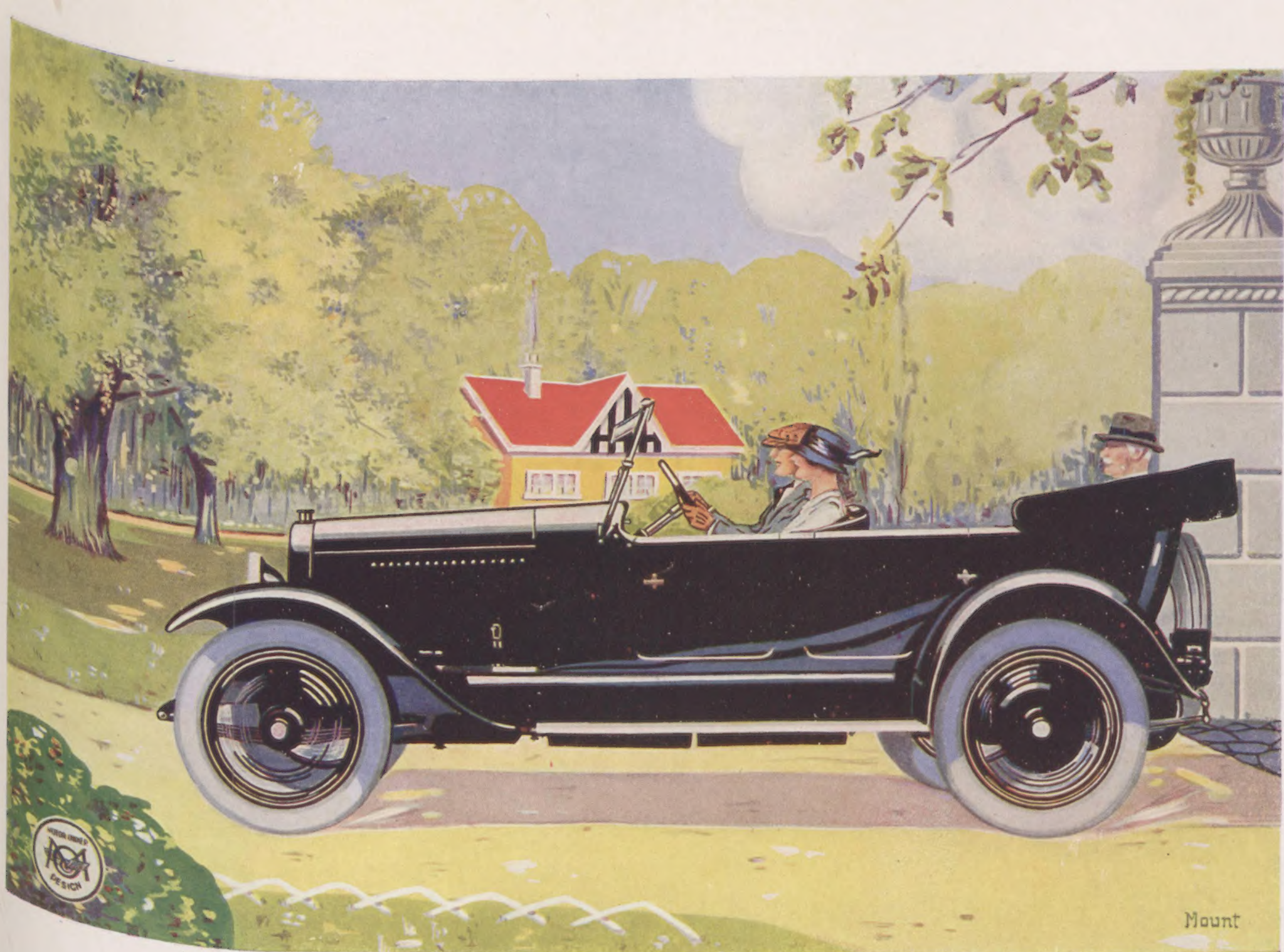
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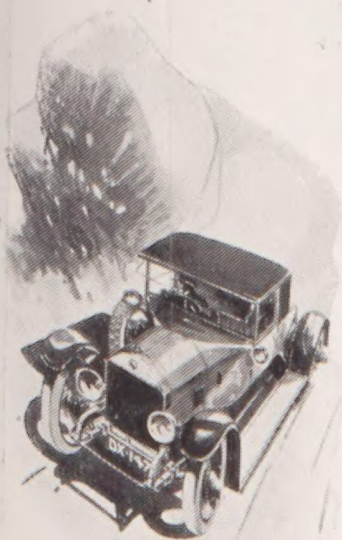
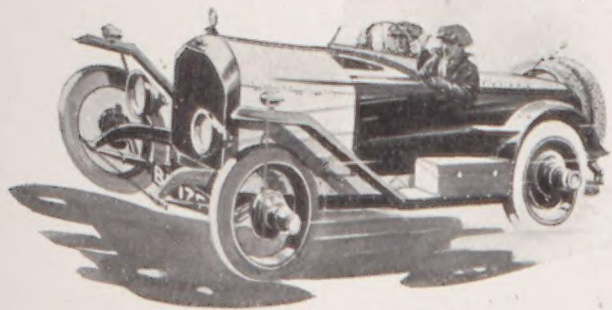
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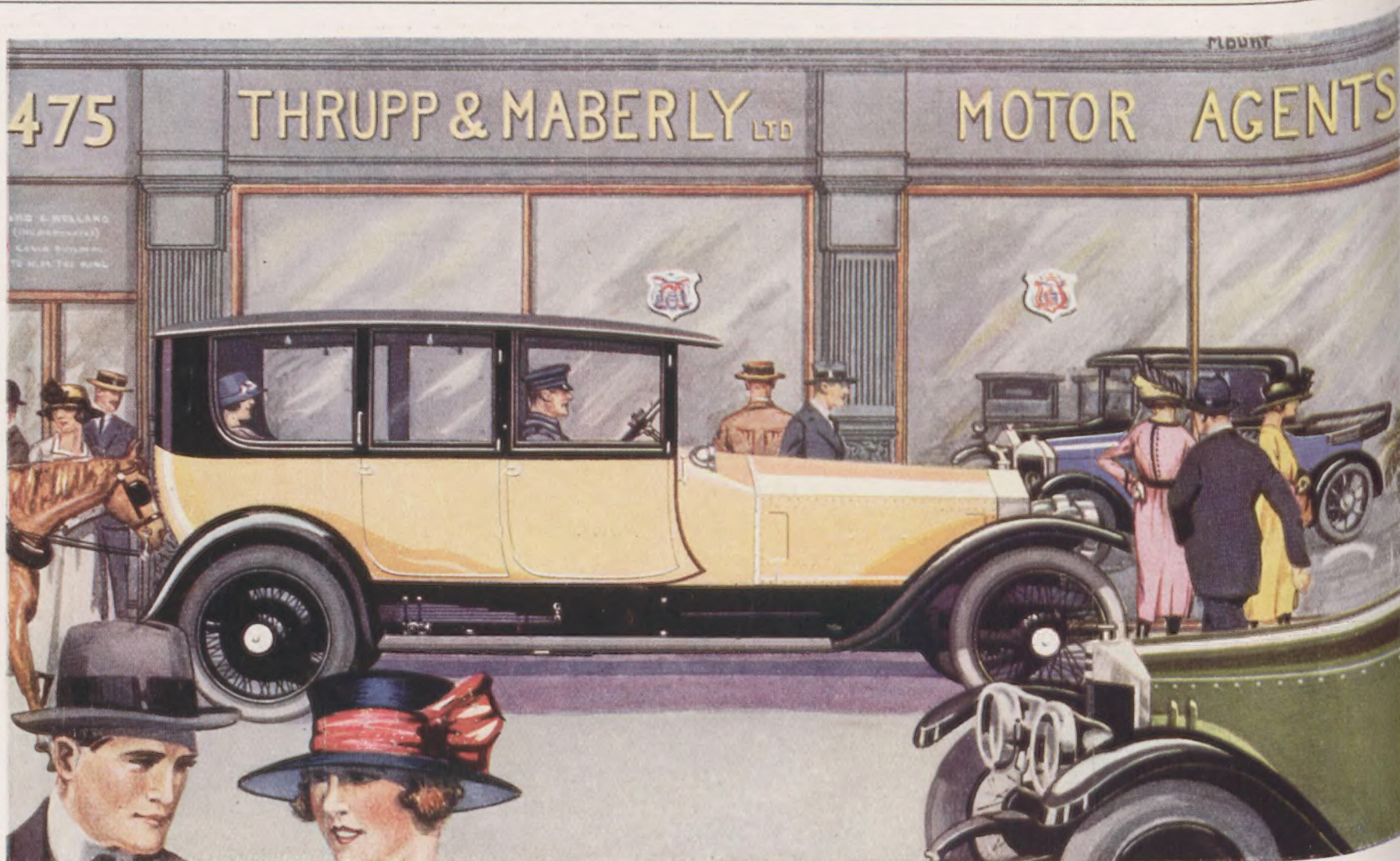
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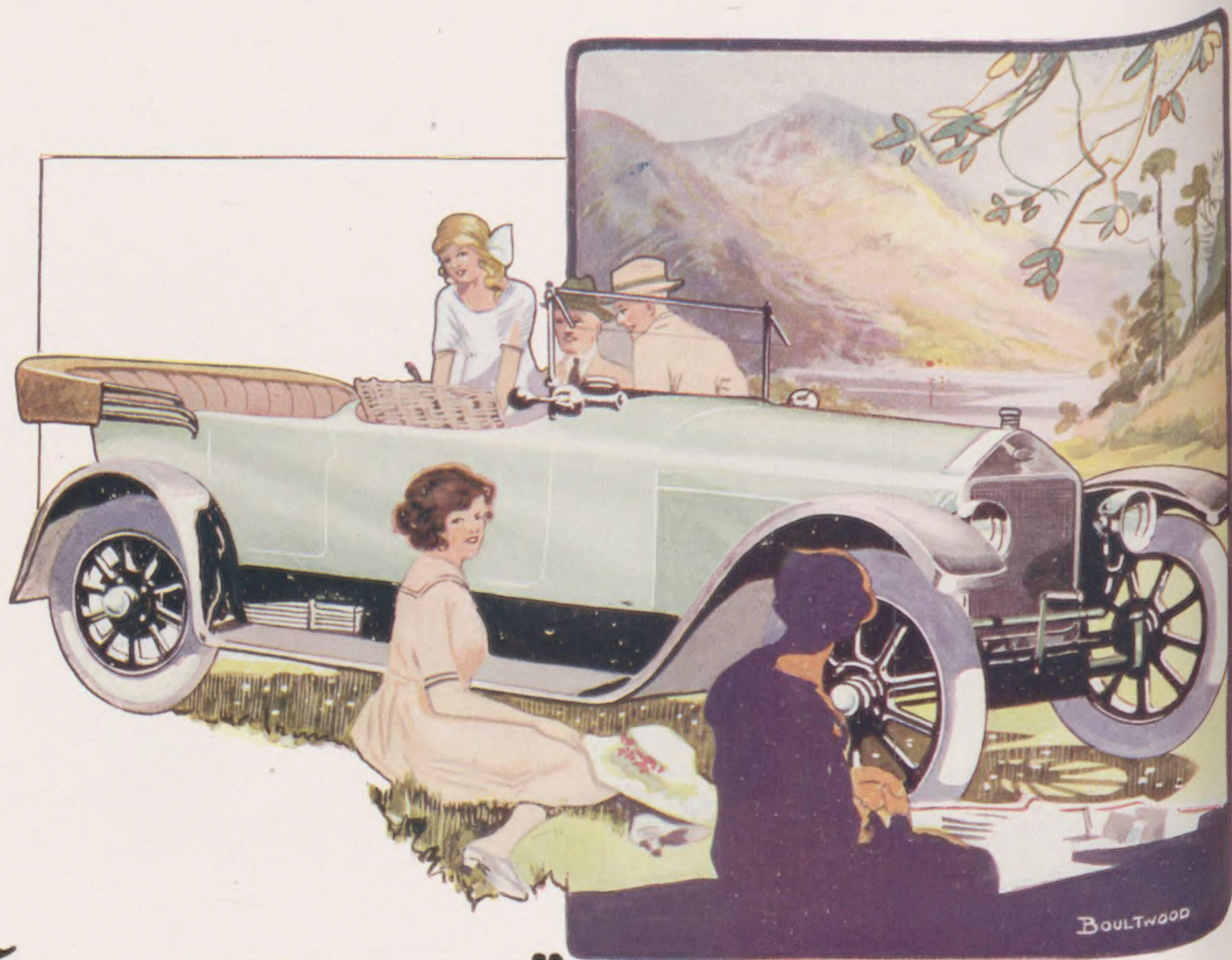
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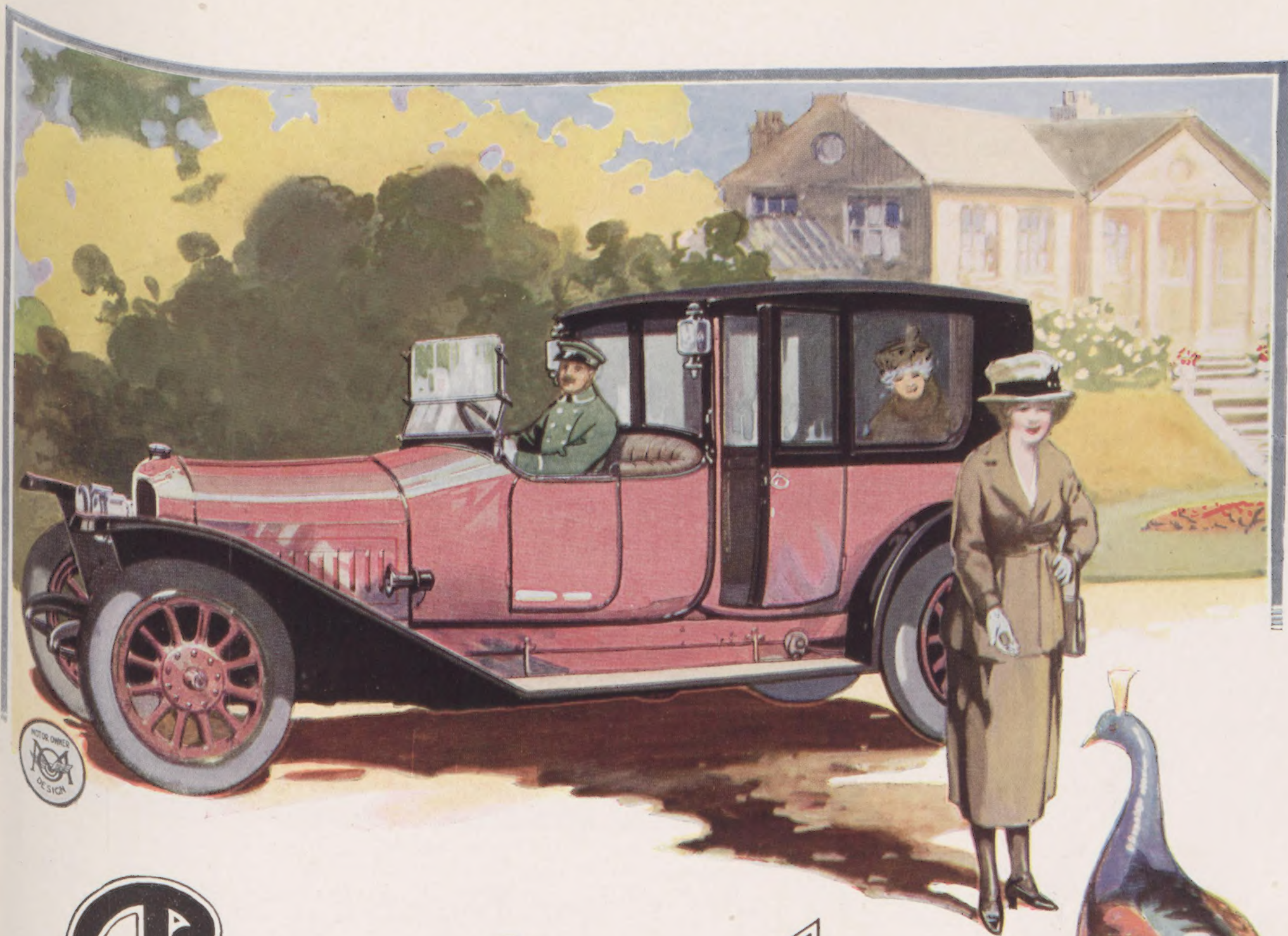
T. L. RHODES (Capt.)

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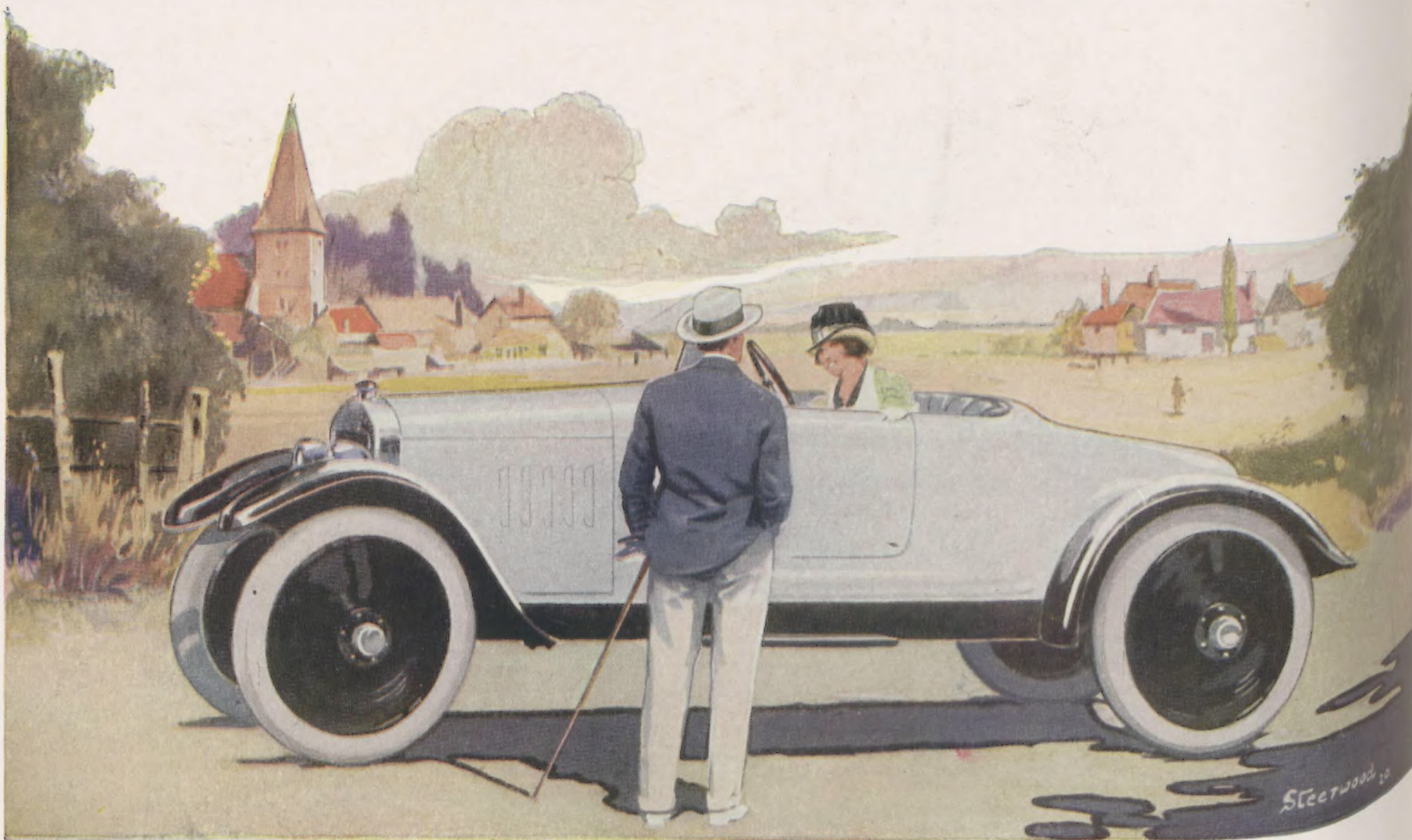
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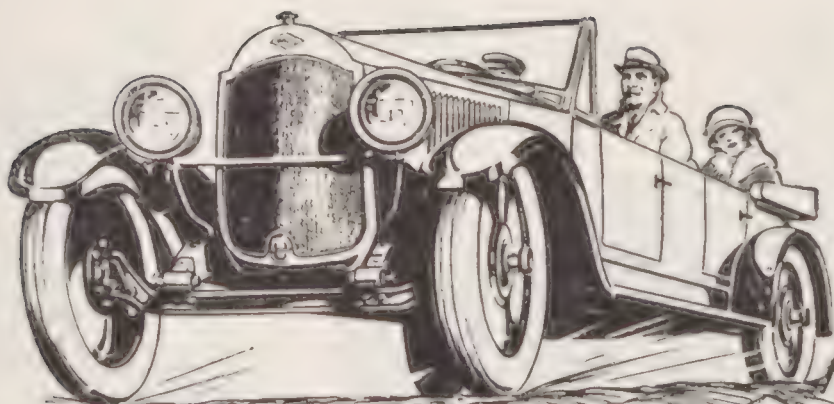
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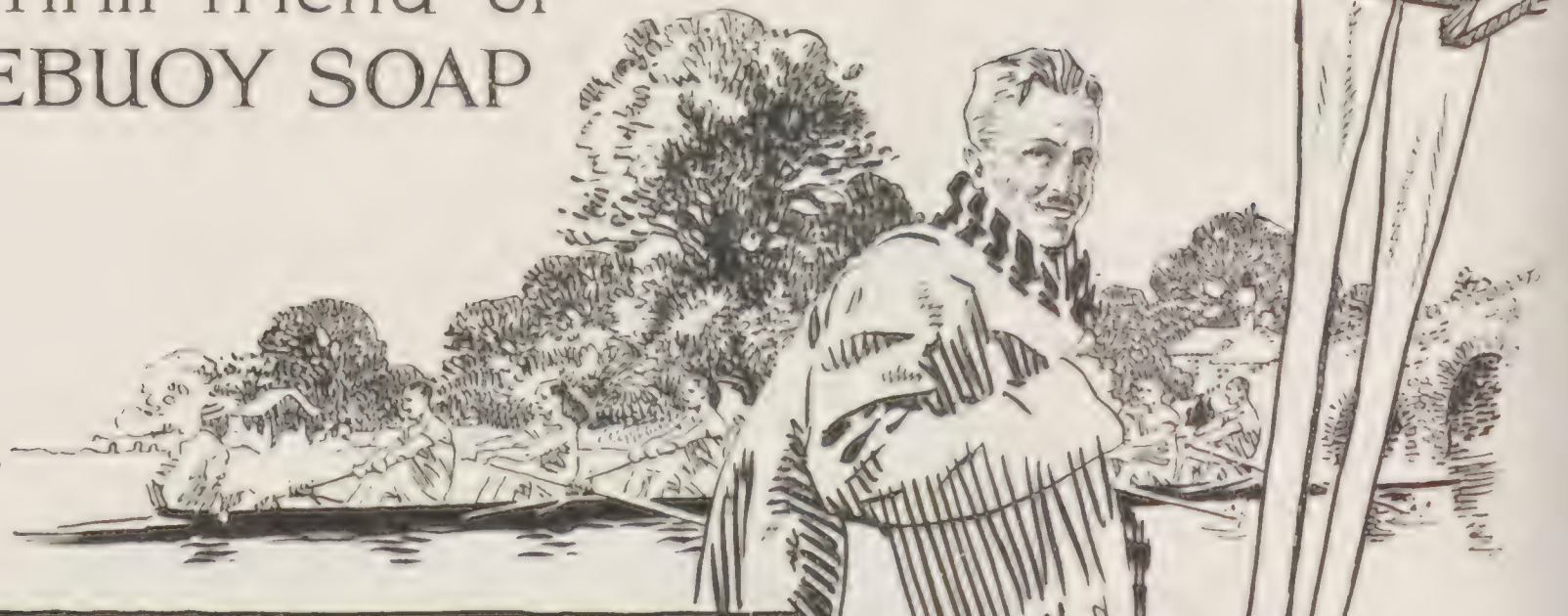
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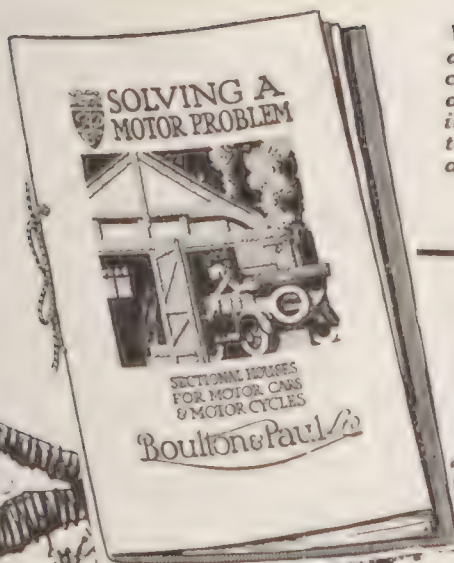
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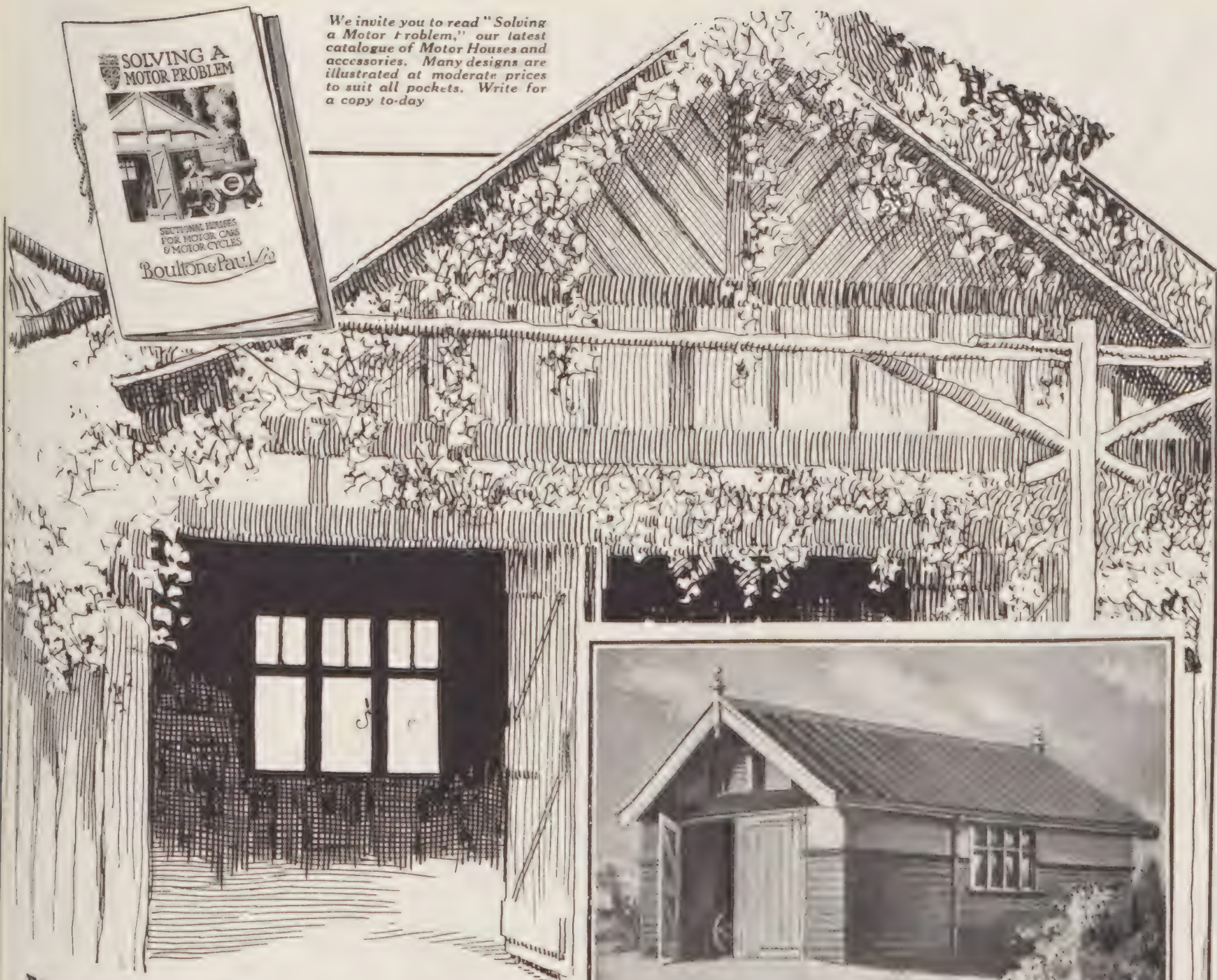
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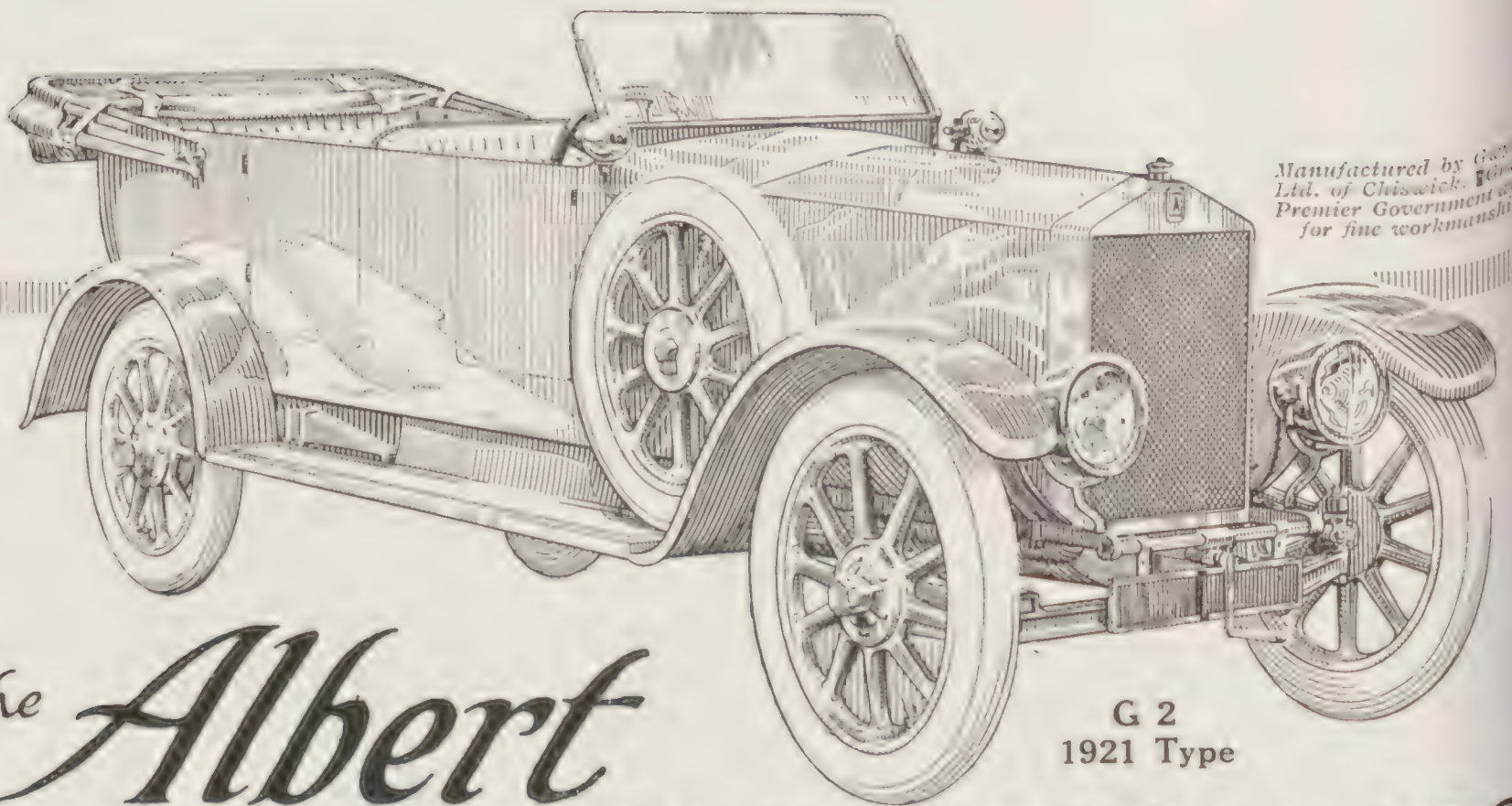
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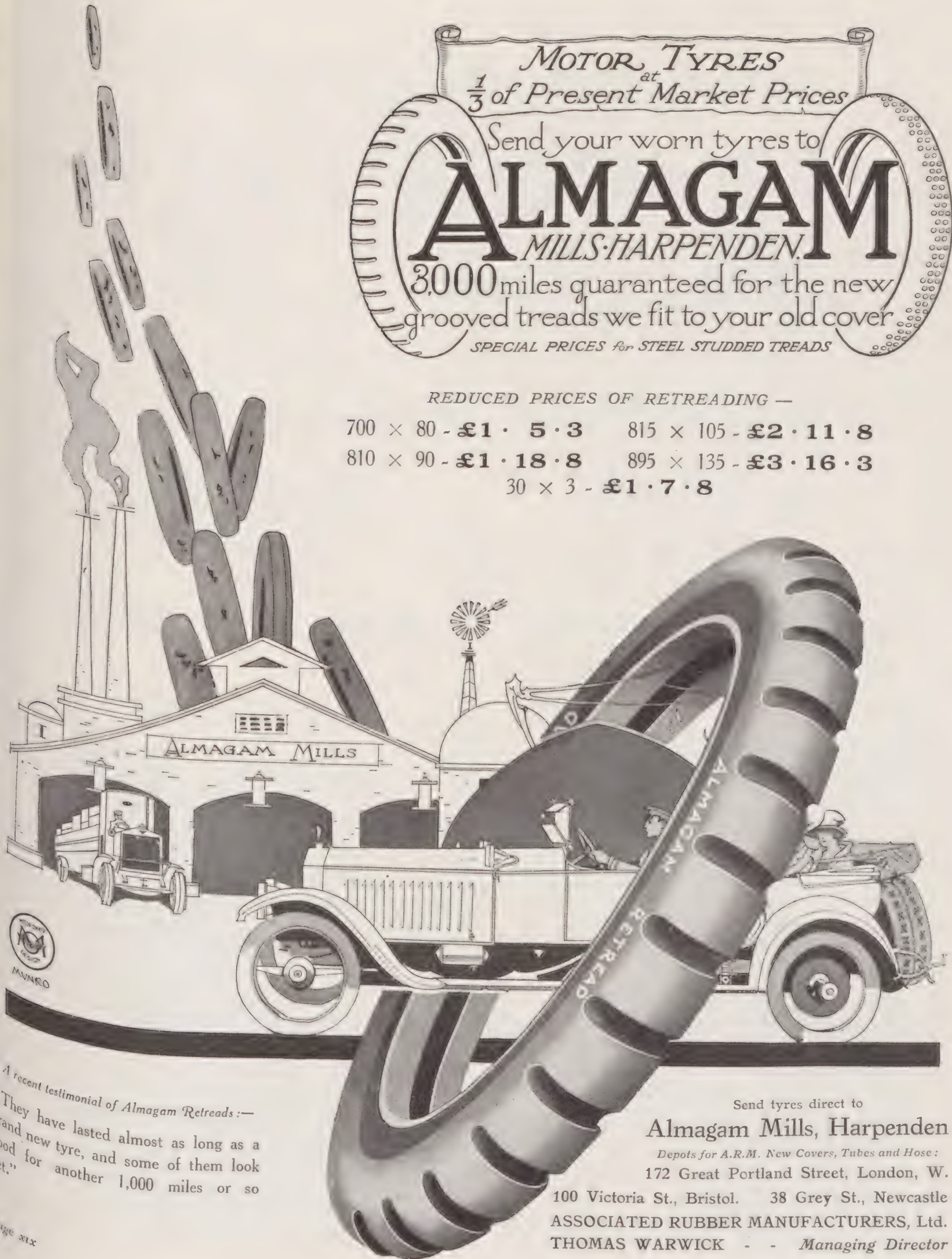
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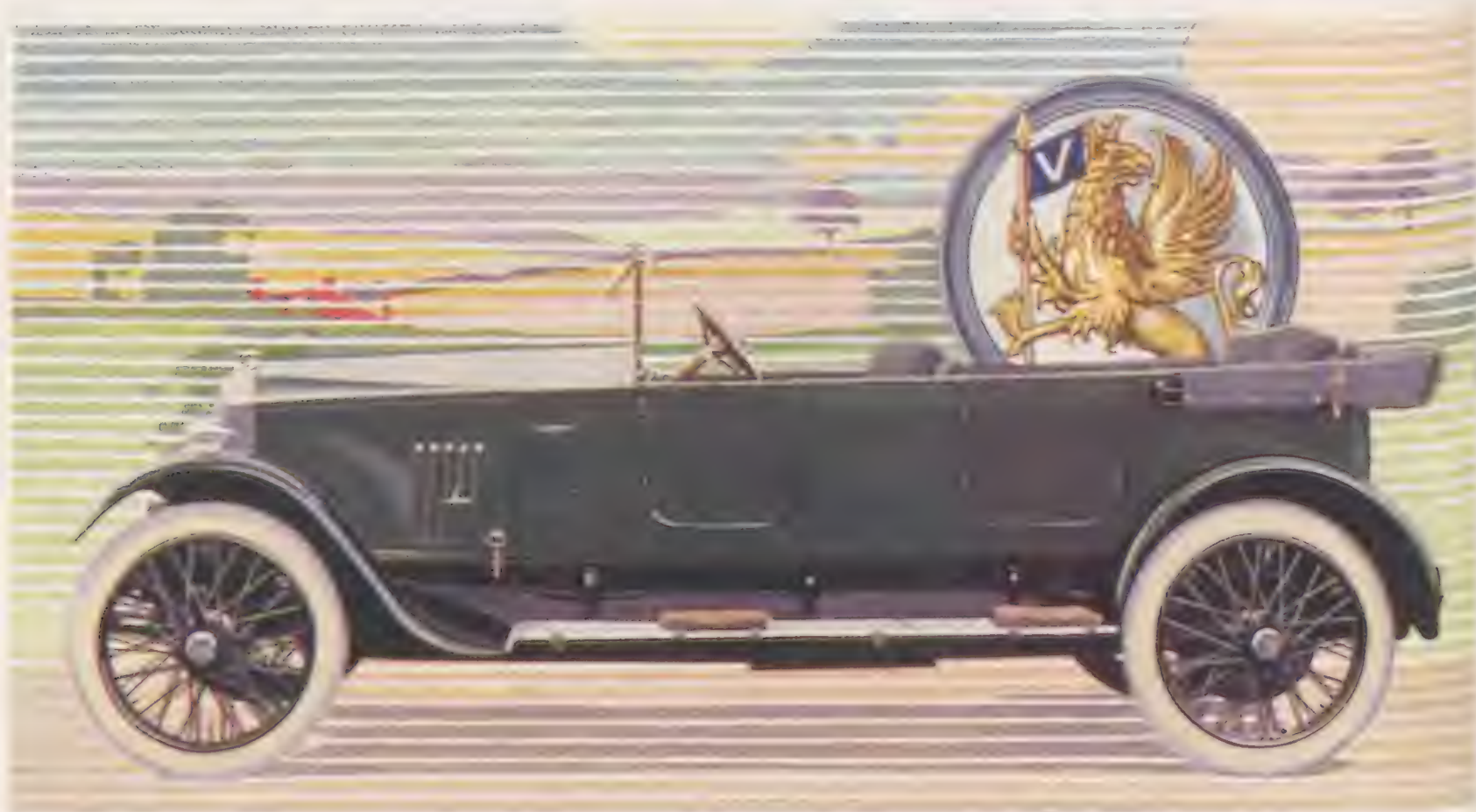
"I have just been trying out a 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq, to, as Mr. Pepys would say, 'my great content.' Now that I have tested for myself, however, I am bound to say that this Talbot-Darracq does certainly deserve a superlative or two."—THE ATTLE, March 2, 1921.



B



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*The Motor-Owner, July, 1921*



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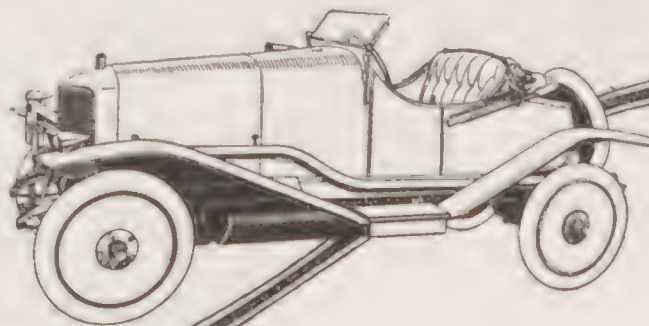
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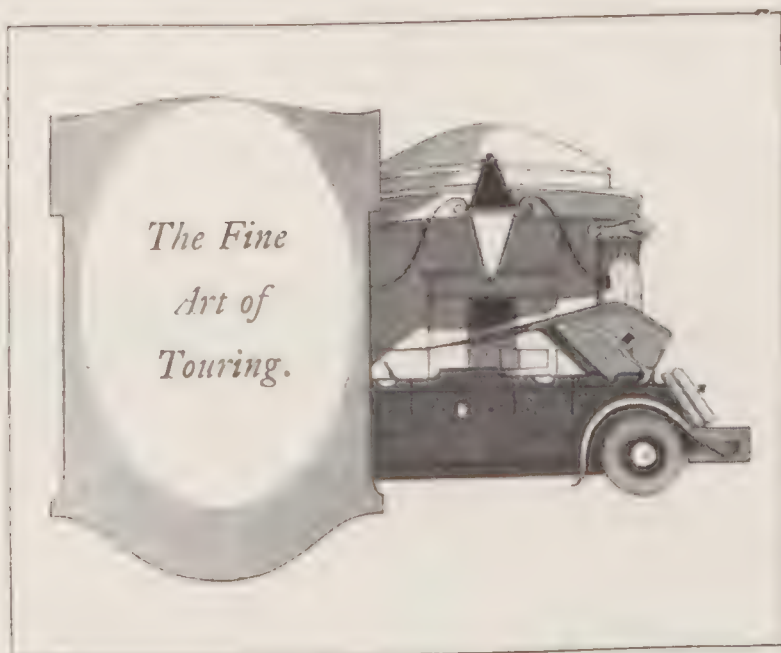
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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

JULY  
1921



VOL. III  
NO. 26

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.



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A STUDENT OF LIFE AS HE SEES IT.

---

## A WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER.

*Philosophy and commerce have no apparent connection—although, on second thoughts, if times be bad in regard to the latter there is the more time and the more need to indulge in the former. Times never are bad, though, in Eastern bazaars; or, if one may judge by sartorial evidence, they are always so bad that they couldn't be worse.*

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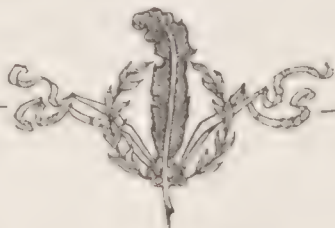
[From a Kodak snapshot.]



"... CABBAGES AND KINGS."

# AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.



## THE QUESTION OF TOURING.

THIS is our Touring Number, and we think that every tourist, prospective or otherwise, will find something to interest him within these two covers. To cater for the tourist seems simple enough at first glance, but the verb "to tour" is capable of widely-differing interpretations. One man is content to run down to Brighton on Friday, along the coast to Portsmouth or Southampton on Saturday, and back to London on Sunday; and he calls that touring. Another does not consider that he has begun to tour until his wheels revolve on French soil; and still another is not content until he is breasting some hitherto unknown pass of the Perim Dagh, the Transylvanian Alps or the Caucasus. What, then, is one to do? Well, we have endeavoured—usually a most thankless task!—to please everybody, and, we flatter ourselves, not altogether unsuccessfully. In this connection we would point out that the services of THE MOTOR-OWNER Advisory Bureau are entirely open to readers who cannot find the precise information that they require in the actual pages of this or any other issue. The Bureau is equipped to deal authoritatively and expeditiously with any query of any nature, provided only that it be connected with automobilism; readers need not hesitate to trouble us—that is what the Bureau is for.

## SHORT PERIOD LICENCES.

It would be too much to expect that a completely new measure should be perfect in its operation, and the automobile regulations which came into force at the beginning of the present year are no exception. Apart from the fact that motorists dislike the present licence laws *in toto*, for the very natural reason that they necessitate greatly increased expenditure in comparison with previous years, there is one very weak point. It was a concession, certainly, to allow the

taking out of quarterly licences by those owners who were uncertain that they would retain their cars for the full twelve months, but even this is not sufficient. As matters stand at present, a car purchased or taken from stock for use on, say, June 25th, requires a full quarter's licence although the quarter has but five days to run. The natural result is that cars are purchased only on or very near the first day of the quarter. If anything happens to defer completion of the transaction many days, it is still further deferred until the beginning of the next quarter. This is an absolutely unnecessary handicap from the in-

dustrial point of view, and is, besides, an irritating restriction for the individual motor user. The point has been raised in the House of Commons by Sir William Joynson Hicks, who suggested that licences should be granted not merely for quarterly, but for monthly, or even shorter periods. This is excellent so far as it goes, but we would go further and suggest that a monthly, quarterly or annual licence should be obtainable on any day of the year, and should be made available for use until a date one, three or twelve months later. Lady Day or Michaelmas, or any other quarter day in the calendar has no bearing upon the subject; adherence to cast-iron periods involves financial loss to the Treasury and to the automobile industry, and irritation to the individual.

## INTELLIGENCE REQUIRED.

Every motor-owner has suffered from the newly tarred-all-over road, so that it is useless to enlarge upon the senselessness of this method of road treatment. But, apart from the inconvenience and general unpleasantness of driving over wet tar, either with or without the usual accompaniment of granite chips or gravel, one wonders if the guilty local authorities ever consider the financial aspect of the matter. In the first place it is motorists' own money that is being spent; and in the second the method of expenditure involves further monetary loss. Imagine that one hundred cars a day—the majority of them probably in their first season, if not actually new—pass over one tarred stretch. The bespattering of tar and gravel which is inevitable is equivalent to a year's use, or a depreciation of 20 per cent., so far as the second-hand value of the cars is concerned. If the vehicles are of an average value of only £500—which surely is an under-estimation—the consequent loss to the motoring community is equivalent to £10,000. And this loss is daily in progress, not on one stretch of road alone, but on innumerable stretches throughout the country.



Many years ago old Christopher discovered America—

but do you know there still remain in this old England of ours, in the remote corners, spots of incomparable beauty waiting to be discovered? The motorist has every opportunity and no excuse. And yet does he really know of them?



# THE ART OF TOURING.

By C. S. Brooke.

*Touring, to be enjoyed to the full, is an art. But the method of its performance is largely a matter of personal taste; perhaps also of temperament. Some people like to follow a definite schedule, others to go whither fancy dictates.*

I AM with Mr. Hilaire Belloc, heart and soul, in the matter; always have been, from my boyhood up, and probably shall continue to be, in spirit at any rate, until I fare forth on my very last tour of all, a tour on which a gipsy kettle will be of no avail, nor even my favourite sandwiches; a tour on which the price of petrol will be negligible—for instead of having stipulated “no flowers,” I have put in the words “not a motor hearse”—and Nailsworth Ladder and Beggars’ Roost may seem easy gradients by comparison.

“There are two ways,” saith the once gay, now grave Mr. Hilaire Belloc, “by which a man may acquire any kind of learning or profit, and this is especially true of travel. Everybody knows,” continues the jester turned sage, “that one can increase what one has of knowledge or of any other possession by going outwards and outwards; but what is also true, and what people know less, is that one can increase it by going inwards and inwards.” Stated in other terms, as there is profit, if not learning, in high speed and long distances, so too is there profit (and sometimes learning) in short mileages accomplished at a snail’s gallop. Nor is the statement a paradox, though it may seem one. Rather is it to proclaim the fact that the art of touring by motor is by no means a one-sided art, or at any rate that it is not inherently one-sided. Some folk make it one-sided, but that is their own look-out. It does not prove the case against the art, but, instead, against the folk themselves. Not that I, for my part, would blame them; nor am I sufficiently superior to pity them. Here again I am on the side of Authority—this time not Mr. Hilaire Belloc, that past-master in touring, but the late Mr. Terence. Quoth he, wise old pagan—he flourished before *Anno Domini*—“As many men, so many minds; every one his own way.”

And so in this my disquisition on the art of touring I shall avoid the



*The Strand Gate, Winchelsea.*

didactical—for several reasons. It will be, the disquisition, a go-as-you-please affair, I promise you, if by hook and by crook I can make it so; for I, given the chance, a go-as-I-please fellow, have so often fallen a victim to other fellows’ “If I were you’s,” “Wouldn’t it be better’s,” and “You ought to’s,” that I have steadily cultivated a fellow-feeling for the preached-at and reserved my anathemas, a judiciously chosen stock, for the preachers, generally dull dogs, and often impertinent, wasters of time and wearers of temper. Another or two of my reasons for eschewing the didactical may be revealed in the course of the disquisition; indeed, come to think of it, one of them will make quite a right proper opening. As thus: for all I have given the matter profound consideration, and, indeed, put it to the test, I have never yet been able to decide whether it is better to read up before the faring forth or not until after the return.

One may be pretty certain in one’s own mind, hard as it may be to

account for one’s neighbour’s, about touring to a schedule; but as to the question of reading-up—frankly, it beggars me. It is not that often the reading fails—by how long a chalk!—to reach the high level of Mrs. Wharton’s *A Motor Flight in France*, or R.L.S.’s *Travels with a Donkey*, or Mr. Hilaire Belloc’s *The Path to Rome*, or Mr. Maurice Hewlett’s *The Road in Tuscany*, or the volumes on Somerset and on Wiltshire by Mr. Edward Hutton, in Messrs. Macmillan’s *Highways and Byways* series, or Sir Frederic Treves’s book on Dorset, in the same series—no; of a certainty that, however telling, is not the whole root of the matter. Nearer the root, possibly the very thing itself, is it that by ante-reading one takes the edge off the adventure; and the adventure, or the sense of adventure, is surely the essence of the tour. So at least I myself have found it any time these many years since I, as a lad of sixteen, footed it, with a knapsack, in the wake of old George Borrow in Wild Wales; as I found it too, six years later, on a very joyous journey, a-bicycle, through Normandy into—into—into Brit—awfully jolly sorry, don’t you know; but I never could, nor ever shall, remember whether it’s two “t’s” and one “n” or one “t” and two “n’s.” And this time the deucenall is in it, for I am writing away from home and books and maps, at an inn—such an inn, I can tell you; one of the old-fashioned sort—in a Cotswold village—a stone village, not one of your jerry brick and slate villages—with a stately old church, a manor house out of a picture book, and a bridge across a stream that ought to be and, one dare bet, is a trout-stream.

But, there, as I was saying, or about to say, by as much as one pre-reads, by so much does one rob oneself of the unexpected. Yet, on the other hand, to leave over the reading until one has won home again is to court vexation of spirit. To take that tour of Normandy, the smiling duchy, and Brit—etc., the here gracious and there



## OR DO YOU FOLLOW THE DICTATES OF FANCY?

grim country, we, my friend and I, saw a sight of interesting things and places. We read many bits of English history in stones, and might have read a good many more. We dined and slept at the right inn at Caudebec, rambled too, hands in pockets and pipes in mouths, through the quaint mediaeval streets, as well as along the elm-shaded promenade on the river-side. We went to Bayeux and saw the famous and withal uncommonly curious tapestry, and also to Mont St. Michel, where, as became young men of normal healthy tastes, we ate one of Mme. Poulard's—the elder daughter-in-law's—omelettes apiece and saw that attractive lady's most astounding frying-pan. But though we also went on a side-run here and a side-run there, and indeed were very determined in the matter of divagations, yet we missed Jumièges, its renowned abbey, and thereby earned the censure, on our return home, of first one friend or acquaintance and then another, up to the number of quite a host. And every man jack of them told us the same thing. With "damnable iteration" we were told that we had missed the finest thing on our route—as a matter of fact Jumièges is a little off the route—one adding that we were dolts, another that we were Goths, a third that we were miserable Philistines, and so forth and so on. As for us, with Mont St. Michel still fresh in our memories—it remains vivid to my memory to this day—we inclined to echo the psalmist's "All men are liars!" For we were as certain as certain can be that though one roved not Normandy and Brit—y only, but all the pleasant land of France, one might not anywhere else see a braver sight than the great abbey-cum-fortress of old called by men St.-Michel-au-péril-de-la-Mer.

It is to be owned, quite freely and unconditionally, that in this instance of Jumièges a more careful pre-reading of it, a few heated arguments; and I will go so far as to confess that I myself at times am sorry, and at other times mildly vexed, when I reflect, as often I do, how good folk on tour miss this, that, or the other delectable thing—it may be a picturesque Elizabethan hall, it may be a brave old bridge, it may be a vantage point for an ineffably lovely view, it may be a village unchanged (or seeming so) since the brave King Alfred's time, or it may be a shy mere fringed with

quivering reeds and framed in pine-woods. But there it is, as they say in our countryside, "You cannot have your cake and eat it"—incidentally the Eccles cake is a prime favourite in "they parts," and capital eating it proves if the maker have the right sort of hand for puff-paste and of the currants be unsparing—and to have foreknowledge of roads and places may despoil one of some of the joyous little thrills. Besides, foreknowledge may prove itself own brother to our old enemy a little knowledge, the danger of foreknowledge being that it also has an affinity to anticipation, and of anticipation that it, often given over to deceit—not necessarily wilful, but, none the less, deceit—may let one down badly, with, indeed, a flop or, worse, a bump, yea, even a very devil of a bump. I have heard men declare that the view from the seat high up on the Windcliff is hardly worth the walk, and know that scores, hundreds of folk have returned from the Trosachs not exactly empty but, of a truth, disappointed. The one sort, it is to be suspected, read too many guide-books; the other too much Scott, his hot-aired poetry. One thing with another, then, I must leave you to adjudge the vexed question between the ante-reading-up and the post-reading-up according to your own lights.

And on touring to a schedule I, with Mr. Terence's commonsensical *obiter dictum* still in mind, sternly refuse to dogmatise. I own that in my case the guilt would be rubbed off

the gingerbread, as the saying is, at the very outset of such a tour; but then my case is not on all fours with the case of the man—somewhat harassed, one can conceive, but not necessarily, thanks to force of habit, altogether supremely unhappy—with a wife and four growing daughters, nor with the case of—(one forbears to mention his name). The one, in the nature of his very much married case, may be excused should his mind be taken up with bandboxes to the exclusion of castles and abbeys and waterfalls and pinewoods and things; and the other, much addicted to a certain West End restaurant with a reputation for impeccable cookery, and incapable of enjoying himself outside that particular habit, might be tempted to crime—stark murder, indeed—unless he brought extraordinary perspicacity to bear on the choice of hotels *en route*. In both cases, in fact, the tour might well have to be shaped according to the hotels, and with Harrogates and Leamingtons, and Baths and Brightons and Buxtons and Bournemouths, not exactly common objects of the road in England, the task of arranging the schedule might lead to a nervous breakdown.

Tour according to schedule if you must, but by Mr. Terence's gods—there were nine of them, all wary, lurking fellows—do not inflate your bosom with the fond belief that you are destined thereby to shine before men. Schedules are horrid things—the mere word is an offence to teeth and tongue, and, too, it smacks of pedagogy. Their nature is the nature of the nigger in the fence and the thief in the night. Only in framing them is one their master; put to the practice, out on the road, they round on one, make one their slave. And so, since the art of touring is intended to stand for the art of enjoyment, why saddle oneself with a taskmaster at starting? Needs must, of course, where circumstances as represented by four growing daughters drive, or if, again, a man have made a god of his—suppose we make it palate? But for the majority of men the essence of the art of touring is freedom, or, rather—seeing that freedom is a mirage, a will-o'-the-wisp, a quality or state unattainable, if not also indefinable—the sense of freedom. And since that is so, rate me not for negligence if I fail to lay down rules. Rules, indeed! Does the wind blow now west and then south, or hot to-day and refreshing to-morrow, according to rule?



The cross and lock-up, Lingfield, Surrey.



ARE THERE NO FLIES ON THE DAIMLER?

# OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

*The Three Prize-Winning Pictures for July.*



*First prize: "Tea by the Highway." Mr. Arthur J. Salmon, Watford.*



*Third prize: "The Life!" Mr. William Campbell, Glasgow.*



*Second prize: "A Fly on the Daimler." Miss A. Shaw, Bury, Lancs.*

**W**ITH the advent of the holiday season it was to be anticipated that both the number and the variety of entries for THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition would be considerably augmented, and we do not mind confessing that the task before the selection committee to "pick the winners" for July was one of no little difficulty.

The results are as follows:—

**FIRST PRIZE:** "Tea by the Highway," Mr. A. J. Salmon, Watford.

**SECOND PRIZE:** "A Fly on the Daimler"; Miss A. Shaw, Bury, Lancs.

**THIRD PRIZE:** "The Life!"; Mr. William Campbell, Glasgow.

## CONSOLATION PRIZES:

"A West African River"; Mr. H. Gayton, Southampton.

"The Start at Brooklands"; Mr. W. M. Fane, West Hill, Putney Heath.

"Over the Border"; Mr. E. F. Johnson, Goole, Yorks.

"Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight"; Mr. A. Phillip, Bromley, Kent.

"A Motor Car in Morocco"; Mr. C. Uchter Knox, Alton, Hants.

For the benefit of new readers of THE MOTOR-OWNER, it may be well to recapitulate the conditions—such as they are—of our Photographic Competition. Three prizes of values respectively £5 5s., £3 3s., and £1 1s., together with six consolation prizes of an approximate value of 10s. 6d. each, are offered each month, and, so far

as the three principal prizes are concerned, the winners are at liberty to select any accessory of which they may be in need, provided, of course, that its price comes within the value of the prize.

Photographs may be sent in at any time from anywhere, and will be judged for the first succeeding monthly competition for which they are in time. Prints should be glossy, for the purposes of reproduction, and should have written on the

reverse the title of the picture, name and address of entrant, and the guarantee: "Amateur and unpublished photograph." This is the only real restriction—entrants must be amateur photographers.

The subject is entirely within the discretion of the entrant, but naturally a motor car interest is desirable unless in order to obtain it a risk is run of spoiling an otherwise excellent subject. Seasonal interest also should be borne in mind. A snow scene is scarcely acceptable in August, for instance.



EXPOSE FOR THE SHADOWS.

# HUNDRED-PER-CENT. EFFICIENCY.

*How to be sure of getting good pictures.*

*By the Chief of our Photographic Staff.*

**W**HEN I see the entries for THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition I often wonder if any of these amateurs could repeat their results. From observations made over a considerable period I am fully convinced that the "snapping" is done indiscriminately, simply because the majority of amateurs, in taking snapshots of a group, or a close-up of "My Love," seldom give a thought to the focal length of the lens in use. Nearly always the amateur's first effort is a snap of a personal friend, or of "Pa and his Car," or some such portrait study, which is, in fact, one of the most difficult subjects one can tackle.

Most cameras in use by motorists of to-day are of the Kodak type, but nearly all of them nowadays have focussing arrangements, and these should be made use of if clear, sharp results are to be obtained. And, as ideas of distance vary considerably, each amateur should make a scale of his own. And to do this I would suggest that the back of the camera be removed and a piece of focussing glass obtained, fitting this into position to correspond with the film. Then one's own table of distances should be made by focussing objects at various points obtained by one's own walking strides. By this I mean stepping in the ordinary manner from the object to the camera position. Should it be five paces, mark "your own five" accordingly on the focussing indicator, and so on up to fifteen paces. Then, by the simple method of striding from the subject in the same manner when actually photographing, this will always ensure a sharp result.

While talking of focussing one will also find that at a nearer point than infinity one gets what is called a

general focus, giving sharp results from the neighbourhood of twenty yards



*"A Motor-car in Morocco." By C. Uchter Knox, Alton, Hants (Consolation Prize, "M.O." Photographic Competition).*



*"A West African River." By H. Gayton, Southampton. (Consolation Prize, "M.O." Photographic Competition).*

away, although extreme distance will not be quite so sharp. But this can be remedied by using a smaller stop, which brings the subject into sharp focus. This point should be marked on the scale.

Another suggestion from the point of view of getting good results is that of making a note of your early exposures. If your lens is a really good one try to work with one stop, say, F8 or F11, varying your exposures to suit the subject and light, but keeping the aperture the same.

Although the light and shade effect under trees looks pretty, always remember that the actual light is very, very poor. As an example of this, it is estimated that hundreds of pounds' worth of film is wasted every year by amateurs snapping such places as Shanklin Chine and the Fairy Glen, Bettws-y-Coed. These are two examples which possibly many of our readers have attempted and wondered at the poor result, if any. In contrast with this, remember that when you go to the seaside you can work extremely fast as regards exposure. But, wherever you are, make a point, until you are proficient, of taking notes of the subject, the condition of light, the speed of exposure, and the stop; and then, having made a considerable number of exposures and afterwards seeing the result, you have a reference book which will ensure correct results to be obtained in the future.

From the pictorial point of view it must be remembered that direct front lighting flattens out the subject, and should be avoided. The most artistic results are obtained by working at an angle to the light—in other words, slightly from the shadow side, exposing for the shadows, and leaving the high lights to take care of themselves.



# S U M M E R A C T I V I T I E S

*While summer is a season suggestive of rest rather than activity, the people whom one*



*The Misses Cecily and Dorothy Debenham (left) quite frankly pose for the camera man.*



*The same thing may be said of the Misses Lorna and Toots Pounds, who prefer a car as a setting for the picture.*

*Have expert golfers any criticisms to pass on Mrs. Gerald du Maurier's handling of her club?*





# MEMORABLE ACTIVITIES.

*sees and hears about do not appear to find time hang heavily upon their hands.*



*Miss Vera Kirkwood, although, like nearly everyone these days, she makes good use of a car, has not lost her old love of an exhilarating gallop.*

*The Misses Drayton find that Lawn Tennis provides them with plenty of sport, not to mention exercise.*





A DAY IN JUNE—OR JULY—MEANS A DAY AND A HALF.

# A POSTER AND LITTLE SAMUEL.

By Lenore Maude.

*London palls in summer, and holiday posters, even of the railway variety—some of which, by the way, are highly artistic—attract. This is the story of such an attraction, with a relation of its happy results.*

HAVING been abroad for some time, it was not until May that I saw that wonderful railway poster, "Take your holidays early! A day in June means a day and a half!" while underneath there were three illustrations of (I imagine) a June seascape, at morning, noon and night. It really was a splendid poster. Apart from the subtle suggestion to the commercial city mind that a holiday in June would mean, as it were, extra value for the money, there was also a praiseworthy optimism about it, an idealism, even a note of defiance. Owing to the coal strike trains were being curtailed in every direction, with the prospect of becoming still more beautifully less. Yet there was this definite promise of a Promised Land (or sea) in colours that could hardly fail to convince even the most sceptical.

I do not know whether to describe this poster as my success or my undoing. In this story there are really only two things that matter; the poster and little Samuel—but little Samuel does not appear on the scene until later. Perhaps my "unconscious" wanted an opportunity or excuse for taking a little holiday. There certainly seemed no hope of one at the minute. Perhaps the railway picture of "night" conjured up very early recollections of a graphic description of hell that was read to me out of the "Peep of Day" at the age of five and remained a hidden source of terror for many years. "Unconscious" are curious things, and as with Einstein's theory of rela-



*On the third day she enthusiastically procured a pony and trap and decided that the neighbouring villages should be visited.*

tivity and the Scotch method of preparing haggis, the lay mind knows very little that is reliable.

Suffice it, whatever the connection, that within three days of studying that poster I was seized with an intense nervousdejectionimpossible to describe. London became a prison, my digestion a nightmare, and my work impossible. I bore with these sufferings for a week; but human endurance has a limit. An unexpected invitation to join a friend for a few days in the Cotswolds came like—well—like those radiant "cures" for every-picture-tells-a-story pains, and bad legs, or the miraculous healing powers of pink pills for pale people, and so forth. Just as all the people who write those splendid testimonials say *they* felt, I did not imagine that anything could possibly make me better; but I was willing to try.

In consequence, a few days later saw us ensconced in the local inn of a typical Cotswold village, where small, grey stone cottages clustered amicably down the main street, beside which, as is

so often the case, a little river twinkled contentedly under low stone footbridges. Our first two days were spent in a supreme idleness: we ate, we slept, we wandered about the lanes; we even sketched. My friend Clementine, however, is not an inherently idle person like myself. She had brought with her a book about the countryside, its history and architecture, in the matter of churches, manor houses, schools, etc., with the early customs of the natives, their pedigrees and trades. On the third day

she enthusiastically procured a pony and trap and decided that the neighbouring villages should be visited. It is wonderful what a lot of exercise can be taken with an ancient pony and a "tub." One walks uphill, of course, to spare the poor brute if it's hot weather, and one naturally walks downhill to save oneself if it has fragile knees and the cart but two wheels. Still, it *did* carry our lunch and its own feed, and the sketching materials and the camera, not to mention the field glasses and the mackintoshes and all the little oddments that go to make up a really convincing sight-seeing expedition. In the course of the day's meditations I decided to marry Clementine to an American. Most of her relations had long since settled on local parsons or professors; but they are all wrong. Americans love sight-seeing under any conditions, and so they could enjoy it together. She could soon persuade him to her splendid thoroughness and more leisurely methods. I feel I owe



# WHEN LONDON BECOMES A PRISON.

Clementine a kindness, so I shall really give my mind to the matter when I am quite recovered and strong again. I don't think at the time, however, that I was in a sufficiently intellectual state of mind genuinely to appreciate sight-seeing, and hard-boiled duck-eggs sit rather heavily on one's mind after lunch, walking uphill leading a pony. It was with a mild feeling of disturbed torpor, therefore, that I wandered back through the village in the evening, having restored the transport to its owner. It was then that Samuel came into the story. At the top end of the village is a mill, and, of course, the river being dammed beside it there is a jolly little race that ends in a pool where the united village and string pursue the noble art of fishing. I had once or twice watched them, but not for long. I had never seen them catch anything, for one thing; and, though it may be in- artistic to mention it, the hot weather and the stagnant part of the pool had contributed a potency to the atmosphere that was discouraging to any onlookers who had not a severe cold in the head. To-night, however, the little strip of water was deserted, and as I paused in crossing the bridge, behold Samuel rose in the very tail of the run. I christened him Samuel because, although young, he recognised his mission in life and answered to the call. He gracefully snapped up a yellow dunn, and straightway I forgot the hard-boiled duck-eggs. A momentary pause and a mayfly sailed down the stream. In a second Samuel had gulped it with a splash! I took to my heels and ran like a hare to the inn.

That some perfidious villager should pass by and take Samuel before I could put up my rod (brought happily on spec.), and get back to him, was an agony that drummed on my brain with every throbbing pulse. It would be tragedy—outrage! I panted, struggled, fumbled with that rod. I believe I even prayed feverishly, "Oh, Samuel! wait for me!" I tore back again to

the bridge. No sign of disturbance. Lightly I cast a mayfly at the ring of Samuel's disappearance. Nothing happened. My heart dropped almost to my boots. I cast again, a shade higher. There was a lightning splash, a gleam of white, and then that wonderful twitch of the light rod—thrilling to the angling soul beyond anything in the wide world. That is the brief history of Samuel. That he was a sport goes without saying. When his beautiful little spotted form lay on the bank I almost felt it in my heart to put him back despite his sizable inches; a wave of mixed affection for him and regret swept over me. Then I thought of the villagers and the willow staves. Samuel had risen to my mayfly, and I would keep him. That two similar occupants of the run followed his example a little later was as nothing. They were sport, but they were mere trout, and I owed them to Samuel.

The landlord of the inn, impressed by these piscatorial trophies, lent us his private strip of water for the following day. There we made the acquaintance of Joseph and his relations. We put back little Benjamin, and alas! father Abraham had had too much experience and would only "come short." But Joseph and several of his older brethren will be seen no more. Oh! thrice blessed season of mayfly!

And so, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot," my sufferings gradually dispersed. Once more I am back in my study, restored but regretful; but in the clouds of cigarette smoke I sometimes wonder whether I am most indebted to the Railway Poster or to Samuel.



*There was a lightning splash, a gleam of white, and then that wonderful twitch of the light rod, and that is the brief history of Samuel.*



*Looking for Samuel.*



A CAR MAKES A FINE WEDDING PRESENT!

## THE HONEYMOON TOUR.

*Was it Punch's advice to those about to commit matrimony—"Don't!" Anyway, it needs qualifying. If you must, do the thing properly—buy, borrow or steal a car and do the honeymoon in style. Here are a few hints on how to get the best results.*

**H**ONEYMOONS and railway trains! The combination is unthinkable—and incongruous. Railway trains are always crowded nowadays, for one thing, and honeymoon couples certainly don't want crowds. Crowds and Cupid have a natural antipathy the one for the other; the fear of the wedding crowd has confirmed many a bachelor in his habits. And supposing he has persuaded the lady to forgo the usual pomp business and make do with the necessary witnesses at a Registrar's Office, some silly ass is sure to have provided himself with either rice or confetti—and you can't proceed straight from Henrietta Street to, say, Charing Cross in *that* state without attracting a lot of undesired attention. No, there is only one way to do it—drive straight away from the Registrar's in your car, get out into a country lane as quickly as possible, and in your spare time pick the bits of confetti off each other.

Every newly married couple should have a car from the outset—it ought to be compulsory. In view of the fact that women have now got a vote, and of the further fact that there is a great preponderance of females over males, it is almost an incitement to riot for

a honeymoon couple to go away by train. The least that one lucky girl can do is to refrain from flaunting her good fortune before the eyes of the unlucky five. She should just take her husband—or let him think he is taking her—quietly away with as little public disturbance as possible. You can do it quite quietly by car, and if you carefully remove all the surplus footgear that, from a mistaken sense of humour, has been attached to your hood irons, spare wheel, back springs, radiator, lamp brackets, door handles, and so forth, you will probably get through the first day without giving the show away.

Make it a picnic lunch—the pair of you are sure to look painfully conscious in the deceitful solitude of a “quiet” country hotel, with half a dozen frivolous waiting maidens peeping through doorways.

A picnic lunch is the thing—you can choose time and place and get a bit used to the new conditions before facing the public in the shape of the hotel people—residents and others—at the end of the day's run. Don't make that first day's run too long—but, of course, you won't!

If you have bought a new car for the job, get it a day or so in advance,

and make sure you know how to put up the hood and fit the side curtains quickly—or better still, get a coupé with nice silk spring-roller blinds. Why? Well, it might rain even on a honeymoon tour, and with a coupé especially one is prepared for anything.

Central gear changes are all very well in their way, but never indulge in a car so fitted until you have been married several years—oh, yes, and make sure all the confetti is cleared from your permanent turn-ups.

In regard to the driving of the car—well, that's mostly a one-handed matter anyway. Mechanical troubles never arise on honeymoon tours, but there is no guarantee against punctures, and it is a wise policy to make the wife help from the start. Begin as you mean to go on—she will like helping at the beginning, and probably after a while you will be able to leave her to do the job unaided while you have a quiet cigarette.

Another thing—don't forget to sign the hotel register. It's nothing to you—your name remains the same; but if you are not careful, while you are looking to the luggage or something, the hotel clerk may put the pen in the girl's fingers, and she is sure to boggle over letting go of her maiden name.



*We accept no responsibility if this page plunges our bachelor readers into matrimony!*



THE VALUE OF YOUTH.

# HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR TENNIS.

By Mons. A. L. Breaud.

*Mons. Breaud is well known as an able instructor—late of Lausanne, St. Moritz, etc., and now at the London Country Club at Hendon. In this article he offers you some valuable suggestions for improving your game.*

**W**ITH the amazing increase in the number of lawn tennis clubs in this country, as well as on the Continent, in the United States, as well as in India, and even in Japan, one is inclined to wonder why a sport already in favour, and strongly established for some twenty years past, should suddenly reach the zenith of popularity. In fact, there seems to be no possible limit to the future number of its devotees, no bounds to its ever growing interest. It is shared by thousands and thousands of more or less initiated, but keen and ardent, followers.

My personal belief is that the chief reason for this new craze is the introduction, by former grass court clubs, and by clubs of new foundation, of numerous hard courts and *en-tout-cas* courts. England in this respect has but followed the example set her by the majority of Continental clubs. The hard court, besides assimilating itself more appropriately to all climatic conditions—and how these do vary in England!—possesses an indisputable advantage over the more capricious grass court. The former is soon playable after the heaviest shower, and requires less keeping than its congener, and besides, a moderately kept hard court is always truer than the average grass court.

For the beginner, low pitching balls are not so tantalising as the high bouncing ones that look so slow, so easy, to swipe at, and yet, for hard hitters, hard court tennis looks more athletic than the grass game. Moreover, it is, for reasons stated above, a game of all seasons, more accessible, more practicable to the business man, who now finds it possible, with the increasing number of covered courts, to enjoy two or three fast sets of singles after leaving his office. Lawn tennis can now be played all the year round, and wooden courts or cement courts, mostly used in indoor tennis, are undoubtedly more akin to the hard court game than to the grass courts!

The hard court game has dealt a serious blow to the "cut" and "chopped" strokes so much in favour in past days, and so enticing on grass, but which, I think, greatly contribute to annihilate what modern experts and players call "style." There is no doubt that style is no idle word: as regards the correct way to handle a racket and to play every stroke in an easy, supple, graceful way; as to keeping a good length or playing a forcing game without any apparent strenuous effort; and as to serving a fast and accurately-placed ball with a free, natural, loose action of the arm and body.

If you want to acquire style—and you should if your ambition is to become a good player (or look like one)—if you want to go on improving, and improving daily, my first advice is this: take up lawn tennis when you are young. Have your children taught when they are 12 or 13. Mind you, I am far from denying that middle-aged people, especially those who have indulged in the practice of some other athletic sport, can have possibilities to be initiated to the game.



But it is no doubt easier to impart style to young people, whose movements are naturally more supple and swifter, and are quicker to learn. But it is never too late to mend, and if you have not been able to start tennis at a tender age as Mlle. Lenglen, or Major Kingscote or R. M. Williams, whom it was my delight to watch in tournaments when they were 15 or 16; if your ambition does not go so far as to reach the fame of these three players start later, start after school, college, or university; start from your offices to the tennis court, but do make up your mind some day, and if you do not become a great player, you will love lawn tennis just the same.

Once you have obtained a really good racket, weight, balance, handle, etc., to suit your requirements (do not play with one which is too heavy, say, 13 oz. for a woman and 14 oz. for a man), join a good club, possessing a respectable number of outside courts and covered courts, so that you can practise in winter when it is pouring with rain or freezing hard outside. Join a club where every variety of player can be found—from beginner to first-class player—so that, as you improve, you can gradually tackle better and better opponents, and find by doing so the emulating spirit so useful in every sport to the exaltation of your own qualities and endowments.

Have a dozen lessons or so with the club professional, who should point out your initial defects and the way to correct them, and not only give you balls to hit at, but explain every stroke theoretically and practically. Later on the vital points as to the tactics of the game should be explained, and a dozen lessons may save you a year of useless dallying, uncertainty, and probably avoid you acquiring bad style and indifferent play.

Now, although a good many books have been written on lawn tennis and how it should be played, allow me to give you some advice as to the chief capital points in acquiring a good



CHARACTERISTIC SHOTS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS—



*Miss Kennis Betty's characteristic stroke, the racquet being carried back to touch the left hand.*



*Von Braun, the left-handed player, is "like lightning" at the net. Our photographer had to be quick to snap him.*



*Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who held the championship in 1910.*



*B. J. C. Norton making a wonderful return from the corner of the court.*



*Mixed Doubles at the London Country Club.*



—AND SOME QUAIN'T POSES.



*F. Gordon Lowe's famous  
back-hand drive across  
the court.*



*A. H. Fyzee, whose agility has brought him to the fore.*

*G. T. C. Watt at the con-  
clusion of his overhead  
smashing shot.*



## TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

stroke, both forehand and backhand, and a good style. Give up the idea that to give every shot speed and accuracy you should rely solely on the muscular and nervous strength of your arm and wrist, but rather try to play *with your body*, only allowing your arm and wrist to follow the movements of your body and to put the finishing hitting and directing touch on to the ball. By playing with your body I mean try to use your whole weight on the ball at the time of impact, whatever your weight may be, more necessarily so if it is a light one. Remember Suzanne Lenglen at 14, and look at the physique of such players as Shimidzu and Germot, both rather of the dwarf type, and yet their strokes are not lacking in weight and the ball they hit is a speedy one.

*Play with your body* may not seem quite easy as an adage to a beginner, and, in fact, you will not be able to bring this principle to perfection before a year or more of constant practice, and after you have consulted such authorities on lawn tennis as the late A. F. Wilding, J. C. Parke, M. Decugis, Tilden, etc., after you have made a point of studying minutely the various positions your body and feet should take according to the different strokes, forehand, backhand, volley, half-volley, service, smash, and only after you have found out yourself all your initial faults.

Lawn tennis is a game that offers many similar points to billiards, for precision and for the correct lines and positions the body should take. Do not have a wrong balance, do not lose your balance—and similar principles to the art of boxing: keep on your toes, pivot on one leg as you strike the ball. By clever foot-work, and using your weight at the right time and at the right spot (learn when and where to hit a ball, with a good eye and good judgment, reliable timing), you will, even with a weak physique, always beat a more athletic, but clumsier or slower opponent. Look how easily Carpentier could knock out men far heavier than himself!

Next to playing with your body and using every ounce of your weight at the time of impact with the ball, hit the latter in a lateral way, against the line of its flight at a square angle to the centre of your racket—and do not hit it under or on the top (service and smash excepting). Do away with the "lift drive," and remember that the best time to hit a ball is when it has reached its dead point (ceased to

rise or begun to drop), and that, whenever you can use it, the ideal stroke is obtained with your arm extended in a horizontal position, the ball being struck at the corresponding height of the net or just slightly above. This is the time when, with shoulder loose, leading the swing both of body and arm, without contracting either elbow or wrist, but by accurate timing and square hitting, you will find you can derive the best follow-through in your stroke, the fastest speed and greatest weight on the ball, and the most perfect length.

Prepare your stroke in time, as soon as the ball leaves your opponent's racket, by a lateral retreating movement of the arm parallel to the net, and not by an indiscriminate wide whoop of the racket, and then, at the time the ball is slightly in front of you, transfer the weight of your body, if the shot is a forehand one, from the right foot, where it should be preparatory to hitting, to the left. The left should then act as a pivot for the rest of your body to come forward with a swing at the time of hitting—a swing of racket, arm and right part of the body—on to the ball. Then follow your stroke, stick to the ball as long as possible, ending with the head of your racket pointing to the spot where, before hitting, you had made up your mind to place the ball. Weight and position of feet and body must be reversed when playing a back-hand stroke.

Hitting the ball when it is about at a corresponding height to the net has,



in my opinion, another advantage, that is to strike at the height of your waist. I am speaking of an average-sized player—and that means hitting nearest to one's centre of gravity. This helps for good timing, accuracy and power, and gives you the natural intuition of the approximate height of the net, without having to look at it before hitting. Never lose sight of the ball from the moment it leaves your opponent's racket until you strike it.

When you have thoroughly mastered this stroke you will find it possible to use it by different, more or less accentuated inflexions of the body, but still keeping well away from the ball at the time of hitting—and by quick foot-work on a low-bouncing ball, and with the same follow-through, only a slight top-spin is required on the ball. For a high-bouncing ball either go back—a matter of quickness and judgment—and await till it drops, or, if that is impossible, place it without trying to hit hard.

Never try to hit hard a low volley, but place it, and in that stroke stand firm on both feet, and be still when striking; if your racket is high-strung the ball will be returned with sufficient speed to ensure with good placing a winning shot.

For smash or high volley just imagine you are serving, get well under the dropping ball and hit it rather on the top than on the side.

For service you will find the greatest difficulty is in sending the ball just over your head or a little to the left, but always at the same spot, and sufficiently high to enable you to follow carefully its descending flight; prepare and ensure your hit with arm fully extended first, and as great as possible an inflexion of the wrist on the top of the ball at the time of impact.

Ladies who cannot obtain a sufficiently hard overhand service should keep to underhand, as the ball bounce from a weak overhand is an ideal one for your opponent to obtain a good hard hit from.

Always know your exact position on the court, and that of your opponent, before he or you actually hit the ball, and make up your mind as to where you want to return it, or guess where he will place it, before you strike or before he strikes, as all your attention will be required on the ball at the time the hit is made.



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TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA.

PERTINENT POINTS PARAGRAPHED.

By Capt. E. de Normanville.

*A pleasing note of optimism is struck by the author. He sees better things in our motoring future. And he has a word to say about reducing the number of street accidents by training children to appreciate the ever-growing traffic dangers.*

**H**AVE we at last "touched bottom" in regard to our motoring troubles? Is the storm spent and the horizon clearing?

If I answer yes, you will call me an optimist. Do so—but let me try to justify my optimism. There are several aspects to my queries. First and foremost comes what we may term the welfare of the British industry. It has had its full share of the recent period of commercial stagnation. It has received severe blows. Some firms have been shipwrecked in the storm. Others have been perilously near their doom, but have now come safely back to the harbour of financial stability. But all this is only the refining fire—unpleasant though it may have been to those who have come under its scorching influence. But the main structure of the British industry still stands firm and virile. Even at the present time we have several manufacturers each turning out over a hundred cars a week. In pre-war days such outputs were unknown in this country. The motor car of to-day is no longer a luxury. It is a necessity. It is like a suit of clothes or (fair lady reader) a costume. In bad times one may defer purchase. But as the need becomes insistent the purchase is made. The demand is there—and always will be.

IMPROVED LEGISLATION.

Then there is the legal side of our motoring difficulties. There is every reason to believe that at very "long last" the Government is preparing to remedy most of the defects in this connection. I look for sane laws adequate to present-day needs; lower taxation on a revised basis, and both practical and legal help in the problem

of cheaper fuel supplies. These be pleasant fancies to look forward to. Yet it is not too optimistic to consider their materialisation as probable in the near future; and each item, in its own particular sphere, will be to the material advantage of the motoring movement.

But there is another point in connection with which I hope for improvement. I refer to road dangers and accidents. The Government contemplates introducing preventive

THE GRANT "SIX."

*We recently had an opportunity of testing a Grant six cylinder, a touring model of which car was loaned by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, of 475, Oxford Street, London, W., the well-known coach builders. The car is one of the better grade, standard type, medium priced American productions. Its lines constitute a slight variation from the recognised American product, and to our way of thinking are rather more pleasing than the normal. With regard to road behaviour, two items stand out for special comment. In the first place, the car is possessed of a happy capacity for maintaining a good average speed without apparent effort. Secondly, the suspension appealed to us as rather above the average, and the roads over which we took the car were none of the best.*



The Grant "Six."

legislation. It is much overdue. Unfortunately the authorities are divided amongst themselves as to the nature and, more particularly, the extent of the new regulations. It is understood that many reforms are strongly supported in official circles. If these reforms are introduced, I hope and believe that we shall then have "touched bottom" in regard to road dangers and accidents. Sound preventive legislation would more than counterbalance the increased dangers due to the ever-growing numbers of vehicles on the roads. Therefore on all sides I look forward to better times in motoring matters—better trade, improved conditions, cheaper fuel, and a reduction in accidents. This last-named hope cannot materialise if the present meet-the-trouble-half-way advocates win the day. To be really effective the reforms must be drastic. Let them be so.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

There is one aspect of this vital question of reducing the number of accidents which, however, does not fall within the drastic category. I refer to the more extended training of the youthful mind at school. In some places there is an excellent scheme in vogue which should be largely extended. In some schools they have games designed to train children to an adequate appreciation of the ever-present dangers of street traffic. I am con-

vinced that if this excellent scheme were intensified in its application there would be a material reduction in the number of accidents. No motorist experienced in driving in large cities can fail to be for ever apprehensive as to the potential source of danger presented by children playing in or near the road.



# A WEEK-END IN DEVONSHIRE.

*A week-end is not sufficient thoroughly to explore Devonshire, but a very excellent trip may be mapped out which will take in representative bits of the county and will occupy only four days, even for the motor owner who resides in the London district.*

**F**RANKLY, a week-end—even in its modern extended form of Friday to Tuesday—is not sufficient to “do” Devonshire, and it is rather a shame to attempt it. Devon is so glorious a county that it is worthy of better things. There are, however, plenty of people who find it difficult or undesirable to go away *en auto* for more than four days; and it is a pity if such a time limit should altogether debar one from visiting a part of the country which has certainly “dropped out of Heaven.” Let us say at once, therefore, that even a resident in the London district may see Devon quite comfortably and efficiently in a series of long week-ends, the only disadvantage being the comparatively long distance to the touring ground from the starting point. This may be modified by taking a different route both ways on the various journeys; and a glance at the map will show that there is quite a considerable variety of alternative routes to the West.

Touring, to be enjoyed, should not be overdone in regard to mileages, one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles per day being quite sufficient if interest is to be sustained and fatigue avoided. Apart from this fact, there is no particular reason why Exeter or even Plymouth or Ilfracombe should not be reached in one day, so that the tourists may get upon the actual chosen ground as quickly as possible. This is largely a matter of taste; as, also, is the car to be used.

It is too generally considered that Devonshire—being, above all, a hilly county—is no place for a small car, and, given the ability to choose between an 11·9 h.p. car and a 25-30, most people would select the latter as the more suitable vehicle. It depends largely, of course, upon the number of passengers and their ideas as to the minimum amount of luggage necessary, but so long as the number does not exceed four—preferably two couples, each of which is content with



*A West Country cottage in typically luxuriant surroundings.*

the articles which will go into a portmanteau shared between two—the smaller car is every bit as good, and in some respects superior to the larger vehicle.

While admitting that any road that is broad enough to admit the safe passage of a small two-seater is capable of taking a powerful five-seater, there are often occasions when the smaller car can be manœuvred—and especially in Devonshire lanes—with far more convenience and less fatigue. Hills, at least, need not prove a deterrent; and in saying this we speak with knowledge, for having just concluded a rapid run to the West with a Morris-Oxford we can say no less in common fairness than that we were astounded at the little vehicle's capabilities in regard to speed on the level, hill climbing, and petrol consumption.

The average consumption over the whole trip of nearly five hundred miles worked out at slightly over thirty miles to the gallon; the maximum

speed—and it should be said that the car required remarkably little coaxing to attain it—we should imagine to be a shade under 60 miles an hour but well over 50, while the performance on Porlock, Parracombe and other hills on the coast road to Ilfracombe needed to be experienced to be believed.

So far as hill climbing is concerned, however, better comparative evidence was afforded in the case of our own local test hills, one of which is a steady and increasingly steep pull of almost a mile, approached at the bottom by a sheer right-angled corner—the latter, incidentally, banked the wrong way and necessitating slowing down to little more than walking pace. Any car up to about 20 h.p. which will climb that hill on top speed without labouring is doing quite well; but the Morris on our first ascent accelerated all the way from the corner and was doing close upon forty miles an hour as she topped the rise. There is another hill close by of about equal length but much steeper gradient which is also approached from a corner that it is impossible to rush. This is usually reckoned as a bottom-speed climb for anything short of a particularly good 15·9 h.p. car; but the Morris-Oxford went up splendidly on second.

So much for the car; although we were at first a little doubtful of taking a little car with a good solid load of human beings and luggage down to that tricky north-coast road to Ilfracombe, we had not been driving it for more than half an hour before we found that our fears were needless. We started from the south of Buckinghamshire on the Friday evening, reaching the Bath road by way of Beaconsfield and Marlow near Reading.

Newbury was made the first night's stopping place, the idea of starting on Friday at all being merely to trim down the first real day's mileage as much as possible in view of the fact that Porlock and the other hills would have to be tackled towards the end of



# SOME "UPS AND DOWNS."

it. On the Saturday morning we got away at about half-past nine and carried on westward on the Bath road through Hungerford and Marlborough to the fork at Beckhampton, where the left hand road takes one across the downs to Devizes. There are various ways of proceeding thence, but we found a good road through Trowbridge and Beckington to Frome and on to Shepton Mallet. It seemed a pity to miss Well; and its many points of interest, but as we felt that our sight-seeing did not really commence until we had gone considerably further west, we took the left-hand road at the fork just outside Shepton Mallet and reached Glastonbury *via* Pilton.

Bridgwater was the next point on the route, and then Watchet and Dunster, near which place we found a couple of dozen cars pulled up at the roadside while their occupants watched a game of polo in progress. Porlock pulled, however, and we did not stop long ourselves, but, passing round the pack of Minehead, reached Porlock village in time for an early tea—which, although it proved to be a disappointing meal, gave the engine time to cool. Rain was threatening, and we considered the advisability of taking the toll road in preference to the steeper main road, but before we had done thinking we were on the first hair-pin, roaring round it, and racing up to tackle the second. This past, the long, steady climb which followed was taken mostly on second speed, although we had to change right down again once.

In Lynton again we hesitated whether to take the easy road or the bad hill, but a few spots of rain decided for us and we followed the line of least resistance in comfort. Countisbury Hill, by the way, which is descended into Lynmouth, when proceeding westward, is about as good a test for the brakes as any hill in the country, and it is very distinctly advisable to put in the lowest gear at the top of the hill and take the precipitous and winding descent as gently as possible from the outset. It would be certainly fatal

to let the car get out of hand at any stage of either this or Parracombe Hill.

Parracombe Hill consists of a precipitous down-into and up-out-of the village from either direction; but we were rather disappointed to find that it presented no difficulty as to gradient; the up-grade, in fact, was surmounted on the Morris almost before we realised that this was the



*Porlock Hill, during a competition, showing the two bad hair-pin corners and the steep road connecting them.*

famous hill. The road thence to Ilfracombe through Blackmoor Gate and Combmartin is comparatively easy, although it is a continuous succession of switchbacks.

The following morning opened with promise of a glorious day, and we tackled the long climb up past the railway station on the Barnstaple road in high spirits.

We ran straight over the divide and down into Barnstaple with the idea of running through Bideford to Clovelly. On arriving at Bideford, however, the proposed mileage for the day seemed rather too big to justify a run more or less off the map to Clovelly, so we carried straight on southwards by the banks of the Torridge to Torrington, through the most glorious scenery it is possible to imagine.

There is a considerable climb up to the town of Torrington, followed by a similar ascent out of it on the road through Merton, Meeth and Hatherleigh to Okehampton, and although the long grind of Porlock had no effect whatever, these two hills, neither of which required the use of the bottom gear, made the Morris boil merrily. No reason was apparent. She was filled up with water—needing little, by the way—in Ilfracombe, and after stopping for five minutes to cool down we took the first opportunity to fill up again. No further trouble was experienced, in spite of plenty more hill-climbing. This single instance of over-heating was and is a mystery.

At Okehampton we took the road past the station up to the old military camp in order that we might have our customary picnic luncheon on Dartmoor, and subsequently ran into Exeter for tea. We felt then that our pilgrimage was done, and took the main road through Honiton and Chard to Crewkerne, Yeovil and Sherborne, where we stayed for the last night, reaching London *via* Shaftesbury, Salisbury, Andover and Basingstoke the following afternoon.



*The Morris-Oxford four-seater on which the run was accomplished.*



# THE WORTHING GOLF COURSE.

*The Worthing course possesses the advantage, apart from its excellence from the purely golfing point of view, that it is reached by one of the best southerly roads from London. So far as the course is concerned, it is well designed and picturesque into the bargain, and the turf is good and never unplayable.*

**I**N the ranks of the Automobile Golfing Society there are many experienced and redoubtable golfers, but when Worthing was chosen as the venue for the summer meeting of last year it is probable that the majority of the members had never even heard of the course.

None the less it was found to be so excellent, and the meeting was in every way so complete a success, that the same course was again selected for the summer meeting of 1921.

It was a wise decision, and I for one am surprised that the Worthing course is not better known. Probably its lack of fame is chiefly due to the fact that Worthing itself is in the "quiet" category of seaside resorts, and that the course is only known to holiday-makers who may have selected that place for an annual family outing and incidentally happened to be golfers.

When I first sampled the course last year at the A.G.S. meeting I

went prepared to find the sort of thing that one usually experiences on the down courses of the southern coast. Most of them have been made not for their own sakes, but as appanages to this or that popular coast resort, and the turf alone is enough to condemn them, apart from any other considerations.

It is not so with Worthing. The turf is good and never unplayable in the wettest of weather; the course is well designed; while, though this is not a quality that is indispensable, it is picturesque into the bargain. Another factor which may be mentioned, moreover, and one that should make a strong appeal to the holiday-making golfer, is the fact that the course is not a crowded one. The local members are not very numerous, while the army of visitors, relatively to those of Brighton, for example, is not formidable.

To the motoring golfer the Worthing course should particularly commend

itself, because the journey thither is one of the most attractive out of London. Here, again, the terminal point is too often the deciding factor. Thousands of motorists know the Brighton road merely because they want to get to Brighton; yet it is a highway that presents no appeal whatever from the point of view of road travel, whereas the run to Worthing is ever delightful. It is singularly free from traffic; it is of good surface throughout; and it passes through some of the most charming scenery south of the Thames. Many a time have I chosen this road in preference to all others, even if my ultimate destination was some other point on the coast than Worthing, and certainly I should never think of going to Brighton by any other route.

The best itinerary, from the West-end of London at all events, is as follows:—

Kingston, 12 miles, Hook (3), Leatherhead (5½), Burford Bridge (2½).

*The picturesque creeper-covered club-house.*



*The Worthing course deserves to be better known.*



## A FINE FINISHING HOLE.

Dorking (2), Holmwood (3), Kingsfold (5), Horsham (4½), West Grinstead (6½), Washington (6), Findon (2¾), and Worthing (4½); total 57 miles.

The golf course itself, however, is reached 2 miles before one arrives at Worthing itself. When one turns sharply round to the left at Offington Corner a creeper-clad building may be seen, standing back from the road, and this is the club-house. It was formerly a farm-house, and is comfortable in every way, as well as possessing a charming tea-lawn, shaded by trees, in close touch with the 18th green.

The course was opened in 1906 and is laid over the downs, but though undulating it is not fatiguing; at the same time it offers several fine downhill drives and some perfectly delightful views, extending to Newhaven and even the Isle of Wight. Its length and general character as regards "bogey" may be gauged from the following:—

Holes	Yards	Bogey	Holes	Yards	Bogey
1	380	5	10	380	5
2	100	3	11	396	5
3	418	5	12	344	4
4	206	4	13	150	3
5	382	5	14	495	5
6	233	4	15	393	5
7	145	3	16	297	4
8	493	5	17	345	4
9	417	5	18	272	4
2,774		39	3,072		39

A very taking hole is the first, which is uphill all the way, for the

second shot has to be long and straight between a spinney and a large clump of bushes and trees, with a pitch on to a high green to follow. The fourth is even more captivating, as from the tee one must drive downhill right over some farm buildings in a hollow. But perhaps the fifth is an even more exhilarating drive, as it must be played tangentially down to a fairway in a valley. This tee opens up a view of a considerable portion of the course, and the spectacle is peculiarly inviting on a sunny day in June.

Something unique in bunkering is discovered at the eighth. Facing the tee one sees a cross bunker to be carried, but nearer acquaintance shows it to be in duplicate; consequently though one may carry the visible obstruction, a short drive may land the ball between two ramparts. A good drive and a good second, however, open up a pitch to a punch-bowl green at the foot of a hill on which stands the Roman camp of Cissbury.

The same double bunker does service for the second shot at the ninth, after another drive of the shoulder-opening variety. Though the greens at Worthing, it may be remarked in passing, are good, the ninth is particularly excellent.

A series of terraces on which vines were formerly cultivated lies between the tee and the green at the tenth. The eleventh tee offers the finest drive on the course, and the long

hitter who is also straight enjoys a great opportunity. The approach shot requires great skill.

The next four holes were opened in 1911, and include, in the fourteenth, the longest hole on the course. The sixteenth is an excellent example of the "two-shotter," and the seventeenth is another good 4-bogey hole.

Any one who is "all square" on the eighteenth tee must needs be circumspect. The drive is downhill, with trouble on both sides, and a possible kick into a drain near the club-house even if the tee-shot is without cut. The placing of the shot on the right spot, coupled with a powerful blow, will reward the player in a very satisfactory way, for though it is a two-shot hole, he will find his ball on the green, which, by the way, is of the fine and large variety. One could visit a good many golf courses before finding a more excellent finishing hole than this.

It may be added that there is a separate nine-holes course for ladies, and that of itself helps to prevent congestion—the problem that grows more and more acute as golf increases in popularity among all classes.

Finally, there is one desirable feature of the Worthing course which has not yet been mentioned, and that is that it is infinitely less wind-swept than the majority of courses built on the south downs; the conformations of the land provide an astonishing and welcome degree of shelter. MID-IRON.

*There is nothing  
monotonous  
about the course;  
unique bunkers*



*are encountered  
and the character  
of the greens is  
ever varied.*



## A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

By Christobel Nicholson.

*It is a pity that the wonderfully successful traffic experiment of Epsom was not repeated at Ascot. Miss Nicholson is quite bitter about it. She has also a word to say on the method of treatment calculated to secure the best results from the paid driver. He is human, and entitled to consideration, anyway.*

THERE were three A's to amuse us last month—Ascot, Australians and Americans. (I allude to the polo team, although Sims certainly added to the excitement of life, too.)

Ascot was appalling and awful, and everything else beginning with an A and other letters at the front of the alphabet if you like. As usual, outsiders came romping home, so the dressmakers will have to wait for a bit; there was a heat that passed all understanding, and records, too, I should imagine, and a route traffic committee which deserves the best and most expensive padded rooms in Bedlam. Never in my life have I imagined anything like the squash. We jammed and jammed, being slowly but surely squeezed into a bottle-neck from which even the world's champion performing flea would have had difficulty in extricating himself.

In spite of the lesson of Epsom, there was no R.35 or 36, or whatever she was, in heaven to see that all was right on the world, so everything went wrong. Some people, I believe, popped corks and ate salmon by the wayside in desperation—they kept their money, anyway—while most of us arrived several hours later than our schedule time.

But wherever one goes these days the traffic question seems to be hopeless. Ranelagh on gala days is just as bad as it can be. There is, apparently, no system by which cars are catalogued or docketed, with the result that, when parting time comes, the feminine part of the community stake out a claim on the steps of the house, there to wait while their blaspheming halves plod wearily from Barnes to Putney and back again with more or less success to the strains of some tactless band which insists on playing "Home, Sweet Home."

After this little outburst you wouldn't be the least surprised, I suppose, if I told you that I'm seriously thinking of taking a lesson in Hyde

Park tub thumping. Now if you tub-thump you must, at heart, be either socialistic or spiritualistic if you want to be a *succès fou*. Not being *spirituelle* (weighing well over 9 stone in my socks), I bow this once to socialism and support the man against the master or mistress—that man being a chauffeur.

During the last month I have had their case brought to my notice rather forcibly. Wherever one went—Ascot, Ranelagh, Maidenhead, Lord's, Roehampton, Hurlingham and Bond Street—one saw the same people with the same cars and the same chauffeurs. This has come about from the fact that many people in these dividend-less times have done away with their surplus chauffeurs because they have cut down their cars, but the work has not diminished to the same extent, and the majority of chauffeurs this season are being overworked simply because their masters or mistresses don't realise exactly how much or how little they have to do.

Once upon a time I was a chauffeur, mechanic, washer, cleaner and full-blown private to a colonel, whose method of work was fast and furious. He and I and Matilda (a large, much-be-varnished and be-metalled landaulette) were worth every penny of even 6s. in the £. We chased duty from early morn till late at night. When our promenading was over the Colonel worked as every other Colonel does not work, and I cleaned and greased and oiled as every chauffeur does, so I know the work and realise all that it means.

On any decent-sized car there will be a great deal of varnish and metal outside, and a great deal of metal and whipcord inside, all of which must be kept spotlessly clean. In fine weather this is not such an impossible task, but let us take the case of a driver whose car has been used for a rainy trip to the theatre and is wanted again fairly early the next morning. Before he can go to bed the chauffeur must

first hose, sponge and leather the car (and wire wheels are a sufficient excuse for throwing boots at his wife). This job may take anything from half an hour to an hour according to the type of car and the skill and thoroughness of the man.

Unless the chauffeur likes to arise one hour earlier in the morning, all the nickel or brass work must then be attended to, the glass polished and the car filled up with petrol, oil and water. By this time it is nearer two o'clock in the morning than any other time, and the man is probably too dead beat after a hard day's driving to make the slightest attempt at any greasing, oiling or minor adjustments.

So, you see, I am not only pleading the cause of the chauffeur, but also of the car. It is not fair to expect any engine to go on *ad lib.* without attention; neither is it fair to expect any mortal being to drive all day and work all night. There is only one course to take—give the man a whole morning or day every week or so to wallow in grease and dirt. Then, if the engine gives up the ghost through obvious neglect you can fairly sack the chauffeur, and he will not be able to excuse himself on the grounds of overwork.

One more point on this subject. When you tell your man that he may have the morning to work on the car don't change your mind and call him out when he is in the middle of it, and if you do, and have quick hearing, refrain from hovering near the garage, for his language will be "somethink awful." If you play the same trick on him more than once he will clasp *John Bull* to his bosom and ensconce himself in the tonneau ready clothed and waiting in case he is called out again.

The car is worth coddling, but unless you nurse the chauffeur as well the engine and chassis will be left in the lurch and take second place to the body, which has to be attended to because it shows.



TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

## POLO AT HURLINGHAM.

*An exciting incident in the International Test Match.*



*England failed to secure the International Polo Cup, but she will try again—let us hope with better luck next time.*





## A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

By Evelyn Ross.

*"A place for everything and everything in its place" is a good maxim, but unfortunately it is not followed in so far as road traffic is concerned. Traffic is slow in city streets mainly because heavy horse-drawn vehicles are not limited to certain thoroughfares of adequate width, or, when using wide roads, are not forced to keep well in to the left-hand kerb.*

**A** BULLOCK cart in Fleet Street—imagine it if you can! And yet we who live in this wonderful city tolerate horse-drawn vehicles, some of which go almost, if not quite, as slowly as the above-mentioned novelty. Clever and ingenious brains design and bring to a high state of perfection mechanically-propelled machines capable of doing anything up to 60 m.p.h. with the utmost smoothness, but at any moment these may be called upon to crawl along at the pace set by tortoise-like brewers' drays.

Think of the waste of petrol; imagine the choice language that flows forth if the wood pavement be greasy and the horse goes down, holding up the ever-increasing volume of traffic in the rear!

And so, dwelling on these things, my thoughts went back to those far-off days when travelling was by coach-and-four. In the days of our grandfathers—the good old days, call them what we will—horses went quicker than now through London streets; at least those did that mattered. Where is the high-stepper, the tandem that bowled along, a thing of joy for driver and public alike? In the present year of grace the ponderous draught animal plods along shod with a slippery shoe that treads as slippery a pavement. Poor beast, he fills me with pity as he tries to negotiate even a very moderate incline, and more than once my back has bent and my feet slipped in hauling at the spokes of the wheel that seems as if it won't go round. Meantime, a lorry five times as heavily laden would have sailed up on top.

We of the great city have been promised all sorts of wonderful things as regards speeding up traffic conditions in London, but nothing seems to happen. In some localities it pays to walk, for, in addition to being cheaper, it is infinitely quicker. We are a long-suffering nation, really we are! How is it that no legislation has been brought in—and passed—making it an

offence to use horse-drawn vehicles after a certain hour in the morning till, say, sunset inside a given area? A revolutionary idea? Not at all. Not only would business be expedited, but probably the medical profession would give its view upon the improved sanitary condition of our thoroughfares.

It goes without saying that there would be a terrible outcry—interfering with the liberty of the subject, taking away the livelihood of the individual, etc., on the basis of the outburst occasioned by Arkwright's invention of the spinning jenny. It need not be so, because the driving of a car or lorry does not appear to be very much harder than the guiding of a pair of horses, or the learning how to, either.

The day will certainly come when some new invention will scrap the petrol-driven vehicle. Shall we say it will be the magnetic glider, operated on the principle of wireless telegraphy? Magnetic force will be put into the air, tuned to act upon the rocket-shaped glider which it is intended to attract. Thousands of these containers will rush through the air to given points, yet none will collide because repellent rays will be given out.

Little by little each business house will realise the enormous advantages to be gained by the improved method of locomotion, and—presumably the usual arguments against its adoption will come into force. But let us hope that the apathy extant at present will not exist then, and that the generation to come will not have had the dose of D.O.R.A. that ours has.

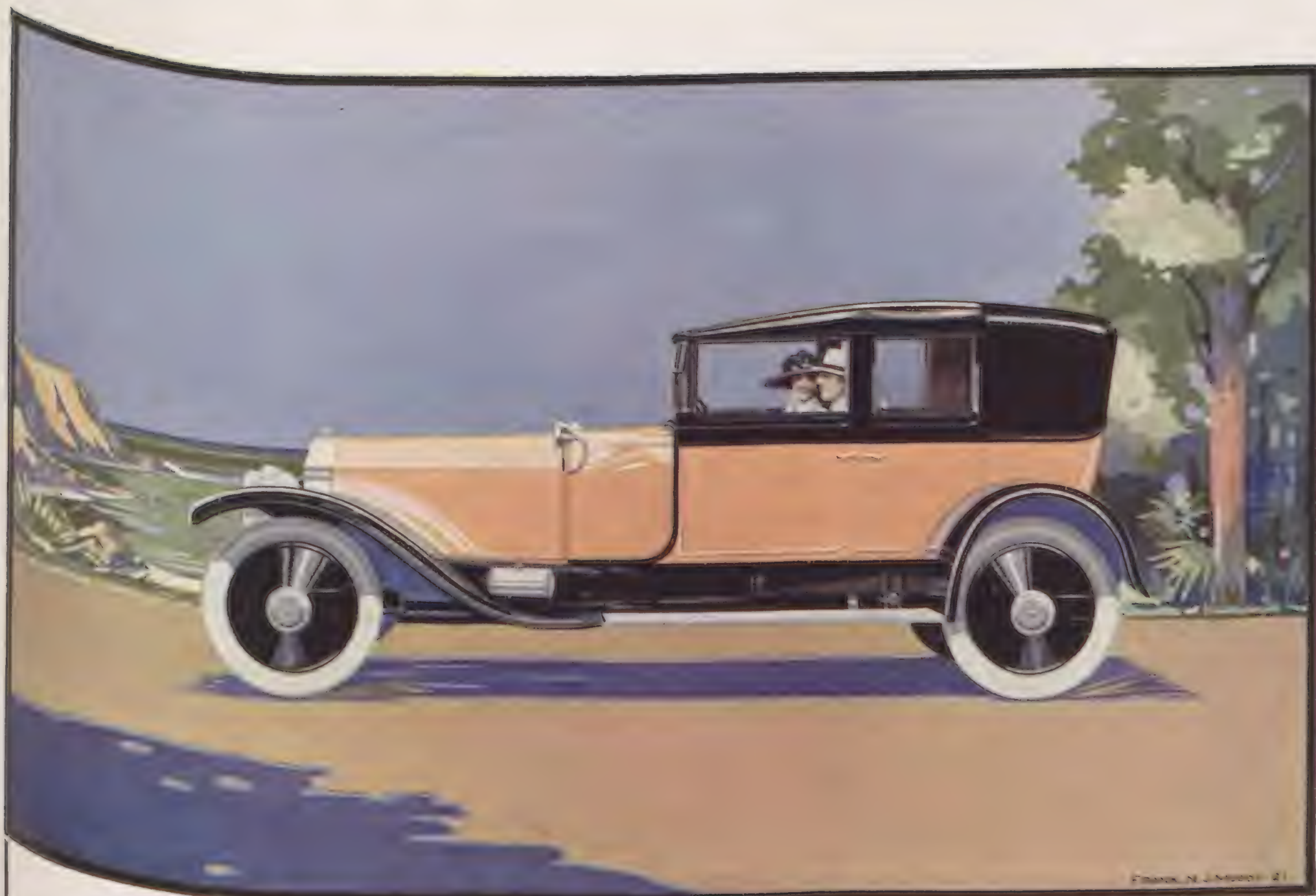
The air will be subdivided into strata for air machines of every size and speed, with special speedways for magnetic gliders, for they will be the fastest thing that ever was—and, incidentally, the cheapest. Below on the earth the roads will all be parallel, each with its allotted speed per minute. Bays will occur every 100 miles, with by-passes to link the one to the other. They will be straight, with no hills whatever to impede progress.

Thus will the earth progress, until from another world there comes a visitor who will laugh us to scorn when he sees all our old-fashioned ways and means of locomotion. He will show us how many years we are behind the times, and once again we shall have to scrap all our cherished ideas and all our marvellous inventions.

But away with all these fanciful ideas of transport; let us to the present. To-day, were Dick Turpin or Robin Hood to travel along their old beats, intent on mischief, would they find the traffic of the streets quicker in proportion to the years that have passed? Would one of these gentlemen believe that it took me fifteen minutes to cross London Bridge this very afternoon? that the motor-bus conveying me stopped ten times? And yet such is the case. Let it be said also that in this particular instance horse-drawn vehicles were not to blame; the road was "up." Again, on a six-mile journey from the S.E. district along a main arterial road out of London, 16 per cent. of the horse traffic was standing still, drawn up at the side of the road, in many instances facing the wrong way; 6 per cent. was going on its way at a trot; whilst 78 per cent. considered a walk as the best method of progression!

Imagine this, you who live in London town, and if you doubt my words take paper and pencil and mark down faithfully how certain carts go about their business, as I have done. The result will interest and maybe astonish you. Mark well the tram-lines, and notice, too, how far from the kerbstone the friend of man draws his burden—in many cases 3-4 feet, in some 6-8, and, on occasions, you will notice him plumb in the middle of the road. It is not for me to hazard a guess as to why these things are so; merely are the bare facts given so that those who remark how slowly they seem to move may realise a little the cause which inevitably produces the result.





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AN INTERESTING ALTERNATIVE.

# THE PEUGEOT QUADRILETTE.

*Regarded as an alternative to the unmechanical motor-cycle and side-car combination, the Peugeot Quadrilette is an interesting little vehicle. The two seats are arranged in tandem, but both driver and passenger are protected from bad weather by a miniature hood.*

THE Peugeot Quadrilette is a quaint-looking little thing, and it is no use to try to disguise the fact. We must confess that we approached our trial run in it with a certain amount of trepidation, especially in view of its very narrow track and the multiplicity of tramlines which we proposed to traverse. Curiously enough, fear that the Quad. would easily overturn or lock itself in the tramlines—very natural on a first sight of the vehicle—completely disappears after one has been at the wheel for a few minutes, and in the course of the car we were not once conscious of a necessity for any unusual precaution in negotiating corners. This is mainly due to the excellent weight distribution throughout the little chassis, of course, but we put down the feeling of confidence with which the car quickly inspired us to the remarkably comfortable driver's seat and position in general.

In considering the Quadrilette one must not compare it with other two-seaters of one's acquaintance, for it is intended more as an alternative to the motor cycle and side-car combination than as a serious rival to the light car. The fact that the two seats are arranged in tandem puts it out of the running in the latter respect, of course; but judged in its proper light it has many points to recommend it. The tiny four-cylinder water-cooled engine is as lively as a cricket and wonderfully responsive, having in view its microscopic dimensions. The whole power unit, so far as our recollection of both articles goes, is about as big as a 7 lb. bully beef tin; the cylinders are actually of 50 mm. bore and 85 mm. stroke.

Except for the seating arrangement and consequent narrowness, the only feature which, judged by present-day standards is unusual, is the quadrant gear change—and this, be it said, is far more simple to operate than several gate changes (adopted for their greater

simplicity years ago) that we have encountered recently.

The little Peugeot is capable of quite a good turn of speed, and will run smoothly and silently all day between 25 and 30 miles an hour on normal roads. Needless to say, it is not a "top-speed" car, and a halt in traffic or a fairly steep hill requires a change into second. On that gear, however, the tiny engine will "rev." up and pull splendidly; it would have to be something quite out of the ordinary in the way of hills that would reduce the Quad. to bottom speed.

Taken all in all, the Peugeot is an honest, sound attempt to provide something superior in the way of comfort to the usual unmechanical motor-cycle combination, and as such we recommend it. It is supplied complete with hood and windscreen, and consequently gives much better weather protection than its rival, in addition to far more driving ease and comfort.

*The Peugeot Quadrilette is of unorthodox appearance, but is a most comfortable vehicle.*





# A LITTLE TOUR IN BRITTANY.

Written and Illustrated  
by Clive Holland.

**A**LTHOUGH the exchange with France is not so much in our favour as this time last year, it is sufficiently so to lure many motorists and holiday makers, in search of the fresh and quaint across Channel, to the fair land of Brittany.

We doubt whether, all things considered, there is any district in Western Europe which offers such varied attractions of picturesqueness and the unusual as does Brittany. It may not suit the motorist whose *summum bonum* is a tour embracing visits to crowded and fashionable seaside and other resorts, with nights, and sometimes days, spent in luxurious and noisy hotels. But for the motorist who delights in new experiences, in exploring highways and byways in foreign lands; who has an eye for the picturesque, quaint and beautiful, and an interest in the historical and romantic, Brittany offers attractions indisputable and varied.

Although France, it is very un-French. Its language is quite different, and has a far closer kinship to that of Wales. But in most large villages and all towns French passes muster, and in many of the hotels "English is spoken."

To many people St. Malo and its neighbouring resorts of St. Servan, Paramé, and, across the bay, Dinard and Dinan, are looked upon as Brittany. As a matter of fact, they are in the summer so much the resorts of the English tourist as to be very Anglicised, and have become merely the fringe of the land of the Bretons.

Ninety per cent. of English holiday makers enter Brittany by way of St. Malo, and it is by the route from Southampton that the greatest facilities for car transport can be obtained.

A day or so can be spent in this old-world port, from which in ancient times sailed the discoverers of far-off lands, bold privateers who were the terror of English Channel shipping, and later many a smuggling lugger. Paramé, with its fine hotels and beautiful bathing beach, is worth a visit; and a walk round the town walls of St. Malo, half an hour in its picturesque market, a

glance into the parish church (once the Cathedral, dating from the 15th century), with its beautiful crocketed spire a landmark and seamark for many miles, will fill up a long morning.

Dinard, when one has crossed the mouth of the Rance by ferry—it is best to get the car into Brittany by way of St. Jouan-Chateauneuf-La Vicomte, and across the high-level viaduct which spans the River Rance—is so Anglicised that there is nothing to detain one. It is merely a bright, gay watering and bathing resort, and has few claims to either historic or architectural interest.

If one can send the car on to Dinan and can make the trip to that ancient and historic town by a steamer up the Rance it is well to do so, for there are few river excursions in Europe that can excel it for beauty and picturesqueness.

Dinan is one of the most historic and beautifully situated towns in Brittany. Indeed, there is an *embarras de richesse*

in regard to its relics of the past, its beautiful and quaint buildings, and historic sites. Du Guesclin's name will always be associated with the place, for his heart lies preserved in the 12th-century church of St. Sauveur, which stands surrounded by trees, and with delightfully shady walks in its garden-like churchyard.

The ancient bridge that spans the river near the steamboat quay; the fine 14th-century castle, in which is the great hall where a sort of Breton Parliament of nobles representing the various States of Brittany were wont to assemble; and the great walls or ramparts which are the glory of the ancient town, should all be visited.

There are now two courses which the motorist may adopt for his little tour in Brittany. He can go west by way of Jugon, Lamballe, St. Briec, Guingamp, and other interesting towns to Brest, and then down the S.W. coast; or can now go across central Brittany by way of Caulnes, St. Meen, to Ploermel and Vannes.

From the latter town he can work his way back to Brest by a chain of most picturesque and historic towns.

We will, however, suppose that the first route, which on the whole is the better, is followed.

Jugon (22 k.) need not detain one. Lamballe (17 k.) is reached by a good road, and long before one can distinguish the town one sees the fine church of Notre Dame on the height, a landmark for miles round. It was the chapel of the château, and in 1485 it was made collegiate by Duc Jean V. The nave is 13th century, and has two 12th-century portals. Charles de Bois rebuilt the fine choir, which contains much beautiful and ancient stained glass. In the northern suburb is the quaint church dedicated to St. Martin, with a curious 10th-century timber porch. A ramble through the streets of the town is worth while.

St. Briec (20 k., Hôtel Croix Blanche) is a typical Breton town. The cathedral is externally disappointing, but the interior is worth seeing. There are



Many ancient houses and picturesque corners are to be found in Brittany.



PLACES TO VISIT—

some fine carvings, and tombs of the ancient bishops. There are many old timbered houses still surviving, and every other house in the older part of the town would appear to have been monastic. The Renaissance house in the Rue Fadel, known as the Hotel des Ducs de Bourgogne, is that in which James II. of England is said to have lodged in 1689.

Guingamp (31 k., Hôtel de France) is another delightful old town, charmingly situated in the valley of the Trieux. The fine church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, in the main street, is very richly sculptured, and possesses two beautiful portals, on the central pillar of the first of which is the much-venerated statue of Notre Dame de Hergöet, or Bon Secours. The market place is extremely picturesque, and animated on market days, and one may well spend a whole day in the town. The ancient mill, the old walls covered with pink and crimson valerian and wild clematis, and reflected in the waters of the tiny stream, are beautiful, and there are many pretty peeps and ancient houses to be seen for those who search the narrow streets and alleys.

To go N.W. to Treguier (29 k., Grand Hotel de France), with its fine Cathedral containing the magnificent tomb of St. Yves, the patron saint of Brittany, is

well worth while. The fine cloisters should be seen. Ernest Renan was born in the town in 1823, d. 1892.

Lannion (18 k., Hotel de l'Europe), a picturesque town on the Leguer. The Château de Coëtfrec (4 k.), Chapel of Kerfons (4 k.), and the ruined Château of Tonquedec (5 k.), should all be visited.

The road to Morlaix (36 k., Hôtel de Provence), by way of Plestin-les-Grèves (16 k.), a pretty village with a churchyard overlooking the little bay of St. Michel-en-Grève, is a picturesque one, and little frequented by motorists. The town of Morlaix, once the centre of much privateering and piracy, need not detain one long. Quaint old houses, the Church of St. Melaine, Place Thiers, and the fine timber-fronted house on the Duchesse Anne comprise its chief attractions.

A pleasant short trip from Morlaix is to St. Jean du Doigt (12 k., Hôtel St. Jean), where there is a fine bathing beach, an ancient church with remarkable church plate, and a miraculous finger of St. John. A famous "pardon" on June 23rd. The valley, with seven water mills, is very pretty.

St. Pol de Leon (23 k., Hôtel de France), fine cathedral, two beautiful spires, Chapelle de Creizker with Gothic ossuaries, should be visited. Thence to Landivisiau (25 k.) and back

to St. Thegoonec (10 k., Hôtel Ferer), which is a little town which should not be missed on account of its church, famous Calvary, "Holy Sepulchre" and ossuary.

The roads just here along the valley of the Pensez are quite picturesque, and the country fertile. Gimiliau (5 k.) should not be missed out. In the ancient church are many curious carvings, and in the churchyard one of the most curious Calvaries in the whole of Brittany, dating from 1581. There are several hundred figures about 2½ ft. in height in 16th-century Breton costume, portraying the whole life of Christ.

The run to Brest (38 k., Hôtels des Voyageurs, and Continental) lies for a considerable distance along the river bank or close to it, and the scenery is very pretty. Brest, the chief naval station in France, need not detain one; though a day may be passed pleasantly there, and the panoramic view from the Tour de Brest should on no account be missed.

We are now bound S. to some of the most delightful and finest scenery in Brittany, and several historic towns. It is better to return to Landernau and go thence to Daoulas (12 k.); ruins of 12th century monastery said to have been founded by a Breton knight in expiation of murders of two monks at



The touring motorist on the look-out for quaint local customs will find

plenty of scope in Brittany—even, maybe, at a Breton pig market.



—AND THINGS TO SEE.

the altar. Le Faou, prettily situated on an arm of the sea, with a fine pilgrimage church of Rumengol (2 k., E.) the interior of which is of great richness. "Pardon," a most impressive and picturesque festival, on August 15th. Chateaulin (20 k., Hôtel de la Grande Maison), beyond its picturesque situation and the only remaining portion of its once strong fortress on the left bank of the Aulne, the chapel of Notre Dame (15th-16th century) need not detain the voyager.

The run to Quimper (28 k., Hôtel de l'Epée) is a good one. The town is the capital of the Département du Finistère. It is a cathedral city, and stands at the confluence of the small rivers the Steir and Odet. These two streams give to Quimper not a little of its picturesque-ness. It has been described as a city of fables and gables, and certainly the description is apt. The choir of the Cathedral of St. Corentin is very fine. The building as a whole dates from 13th to 15th centuries. Note should be taken of the mural paintings of the Breton artist Yan Dargent, and of the stained glass. The little harbour is worth a visit, and in the Musée is an interesting collection of figures representing different types of Breton costumes. There is also a valuable collection of engravings.

A day or two may be well spent in

Quimper and its suburbs, and the picturesque little harbour should be visited.

From here a run of 22 kilometres takes one to Douarnenez (Hôtel du Commerce), one of the most picturesque of Breton ports, and one of the chief centres of the sardine fishery. The vast bay is almost landlocked, and the quaint streets and fisherfolk have been much painted by numberless artists. A most interesting sight is the evening departure of the fishing fleet, which is witnessed by hundreds of white-coifed women and girls wearing shawls of every shade of blue, green, and old gold. Pont Croix (23 k.) is worth a visit, and the return to Quimper may be by the coastwise road (not very good but with fine scenery) by way of Pont l'Abbé (41 k.), where one comes across some quaint Breton costumes, a fine church, 15th century, and some beautiful cloisters, now used as a school.

From Quimper the road takes one to Rosporden (23 k., Hotel Continental) through prettily wooded country. There is a fine church, which was spared when the Spaniards landed and burned the place in 1594.

Quimperlé (23 k., Hôtel Lion d'Or) is well worth a day. It is an unusually quiet, quaint and picturesque town built on a promontory at the junction of the Elle and Izol. In the Ville

Haute are situated many interesting old houses, convents and the fine church of St. Michel, with a beautiful N. portal.

Excursions can be made from here to Pont Aven (16 k., Hôtel Julia) made famous in several novels, and the resort of many artists; there is a lovely wood, the Bois d'Amour. Then on to L'Orient (21 k.) for sea-coast scenery. Carnac (25 k.), with its wonderful menhirs and Druidical remains, should not be omitted. Carnac ranks as the greatest antiquity of Brittany, as does Thebes to Egypt.

The route back may be best, perhaps, by way of Auray (13 k.) which need not detain one. To Baud (27 k.), ruined Château de Quinipily (3 k.), with curious statue of Venus formerly worshipped by the peasants.

Pontivy (23 k., Hôtel de France), worth an hour or two's stop. Thence one can either take the long straight road to Guingamp (63 k.) through pleasant country, or go by way of Loudeac (22 k.) through foodlands, to Moncontour (25 k.), to Lamballe (15 k.), and thence to Dinan.

To extend these brief notes of a thoroughly pleasant and picturesque tour will be easy by means of the usual guide-books. The motorist will have seen most of what is best in Brittany—a delightful land of living interest.

*Bretons wearing the queer broad brimmed hats, with the characteristic black velvet*



*ribbon streamers. Local costumes are as interesting as local customs.*



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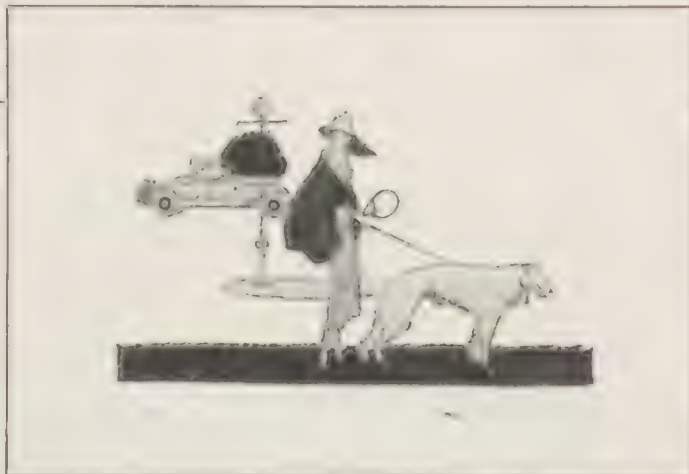
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IN AUGUST TOWN IS A SPLENDID PLACE—TO LEAVE.

## A P E E P A T A U G U S T .

AN OUT-OF-TOWN NUMBER.



London is positively empty in August! Those poor souls who for various reasons cannot get away during that month wish this were literally as well as figuratively true, for town is no place in which to appreciate the heat wave which August is capable of giving us. The majority of car owners, presumably, will be fortunate; and even those who cannot altogether desert the Metropolis have the means at hand to obtain a breath of reviving fresh air when the day's labours are over. So the August Number of THE MOTOR-OWNER will be an Out-of-Town Number in every sense. It will provide a series of suggested runs of varying length for the motorist who wishes to make a day of it, who can spare only the afternoon, or who is unfortunately limited to an evening trip, with, perhaps, dinner at some old-world inn as an objective. Then the sea is an unfailing hot weather attraction, and seaside scenes offer splendid scope to the camera artist—as our Out-of-Town Number will prove, were such proof needed. The characteristic features of THE MOTOR-OWNER also will appear, of course, and we anticipate that the August Photographic Competition will provide not only some interesting holiday amusement for the entrants, but also an unusually good selection of pictures to puzzle the judging committee. In this connection we would emphasise the point that THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition not only has no rules—beyond the fact that entrants must be amateurs—but that it has no closing date. Three principal and various consolation prizes are offered and awarded each month, but photographs may be sent in at any time and will be judged for the first monthly event after their receipt.

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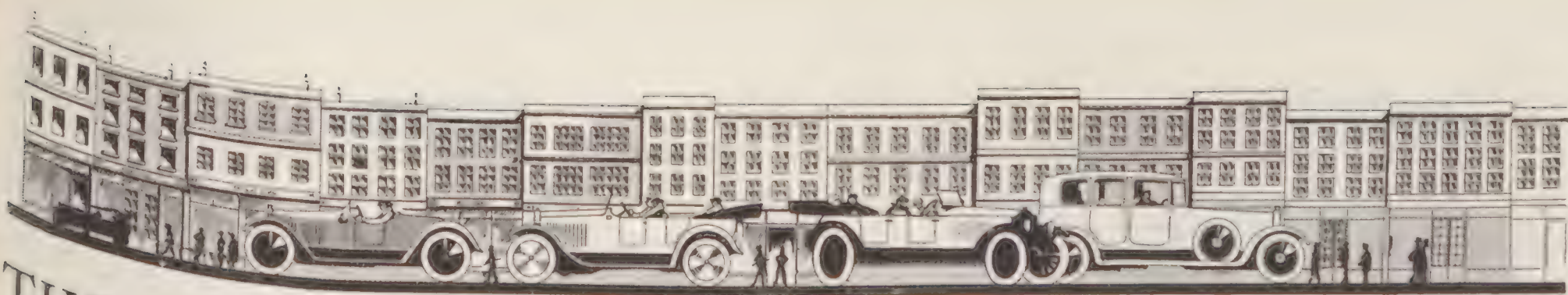
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# THE · MOTOR · MARKETS · OF · THE · WORLD GREAT · PORTLAND · STREET

ONE can obtain in London—one makes the statement boldly—any car for any purpose, of any nationality, and at any price. Moreover, one can obtain that car after having inspected a variety of other similar but, maybe, less suitable vehicles without journeying above a mile.

The motor car trade, unlike most other trades—although it is a usual and admirable custom of the East—has exhibited a striking gregariousness from the first. The principal motor manufacturing district has been, is, and will be, the Midlands; that, with a few exceptions, is where motor cars are made. So with the retail branch of the industry. The principal selling district is Great Portland Street. There, with no exceptions, any car in existence may be obtained. Consequently, it is the Motor Market of the World.

This may seem a somewhat ambitious description to apply to Great Portland Street, or to London as a whole, but in the main it is accurate. The fact may be regarded as an achievement: an achievement of which the British nation should be proud. The

history of motoring has been told too many times, and covers, besides, too short a period to need re-telling; but consider that less than three decades ago the British motor industry was non-existent. Progress at home, once the germ had developed, was legally discouraged, and France, Germany, and America were making motor cars which ran while we stood agape when one of those strange contraptions passed us in the street.

And then, suddenly, the British motor industry was born, and cars became a commonplace sight. Rude urchins had occasion to shout: "Git a 'orse!" for a while, but Great Britain, with a rapidity only counterbalanced by her slowness in starting, forged ahead until one had some excuse for saying that the best car was the British car. That was not altogether true then, and it is scarcely the fact now, for there is no such thing as a "best" car. There may be best types of cars for a variety of given purposes, and Britain has a selection of cars of each of those types which has nothing to fear in a comparison with the corresponding types of other nations.

So remarkably did our industry make up for lost time in the early days that perhaps our cars obtained a reputation beyond their actual intrinsic merits—thus, incidentally, evidencing the value of publicity! Paris naturally held the proud position of Motor Market of the World while the British infant was developing, but it is long since that glory has departed. At one time the enthusiast would journey to Paris to select his new car, just as the smart Parisian might visit his London tailor, but it is now many years since such necessity existed.

Fashion is a curious thing. No one can say, as a rule, why its decrees are made; there is usually no apparent reason why a particular style of attire or of coiffure should be *de rigueur*, or why one seaside or Continental resort should be chosen above another. We, the human race, are little better than a flock of sheep, in fact. Some one of stronger individuality than the average says that such-and-such a thing should be worn, or such-and-such a place visited; and straightaway we rush to do that person's bidding.

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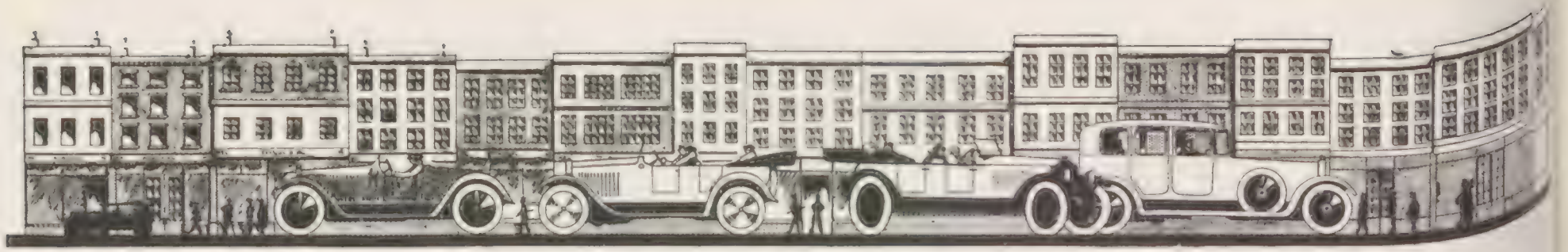
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See Page 3 of Cover.





## GREAT · PORTLAND · STREET

It is little use to fight against this tendency. To protest is usually to put one's self in a minority of one; to be looked upon as an eccentric—and, generally, to miss many of the good things of life.

Fashion has decreed that the principal motor shopping centre of London is the length and breadth of Great Portland Street. It is possible to buy a car or an accessory without going within a mile of the street, but, on the other hand, unless one has very definite ideas as to one's requirements it is scarcely wise.

Great Portland Street, to put the matter in a nutshell, is a Street of Adventure for the motorist, and a street of great advantage. What direction future developments may take it is hard to say.

The centralisation which has been a marked feature from the beginning of automobile history in this country is not likely at this late day to give way to a different policy, and Great Portland Street is, at the most modest estimate, a very efficient nucleus around which may be built a much greater edifice. The value from every point of view of this centralisation is undoubted and admitted; the curious feature is that it has come about accidentally and through

no individual effort at concentration. We will therefore venture to prophesy: It appears likely that in the course of time the street may lay full claim to the title Motor Market of the World.

Originally, if you wanted a car you went to Long Acre—you probably had obtained your carriages there for years—strolled down one side of the street and up the other, and made your selection. When that car had been used and sold, and you thought to replace it with a new one of the same make, you were told that the company had moved to Great Portland Street. Showroom after showroom faded from the one place and reblossomed in the other; nobody ever seemed to know when or why. In these days, although the atmosphere of petrol remains, Covent Garden seems to be making even greater inroads on Long Acre, while everything in Great Portland Street has given way to the motor.

It is, perhaps, more just to look upon London as a whole rather than upon a particular street as the world's motor market, for the London headquarters of many leading cars are not situated in Great Portland Street at all. Pall Mall has its share in addition to Long Acre; Piccadilly, and even

Oxford Street, have a few; while others are scattered as far abroad as Edmonton and Acton. But the fact remains that no matter where the car is made or where the headquarters selling organisation is situated, the would-be purchaser will find no difficulty in inspecting, trying and buying a model or make from one of the numerous agencies on Great Portland Street.

We have been thinking and writing of cars solely up to the present, but a car leaves Great Portland Street in its prime brilliancy is more than likely to find its way back again once or more than once in the course of its career. The Euston Road is generally regarded as the home of the second-hand car, but many a remarkable good bargain is to be picked up in Great Portland Street also.

In the May issue of *THE MOTOR-OWNER* the price of the Jowett 8 h.p. two-seater light car was incorrectly stated as £250. The correct price is £300. We understand from their sole agents for London and Southern Counties, Messrs. The W.C. Gilbey & Co., 198, Piccadilly, London, W.1, that a new model *de luxe* is being produced and will shortly be ready for inspection.

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xiv

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## “Spykers and Reconstruction”

LIEUT.-COLONEL S. JANSON, R.A.F.



HITTING THE "SPYKER" ON THE HEAD!

## THIS MONTH'S CARTOON.

*Lieut.-Col. S. Janson, R.A.F., of the British Spyker Co., Ltd.*

IF a man who is still well on the sunny side of forty can claim that he has spent twenty years in the motor industry, one is forced to number him among the pioneers in spite of the fact that he must have entered that industry before he attained to that stage which is commonly and erroneously known as "years of discretion." Colonel Janson, who is our victim this month, began to live for and among motors in 1901, and, like quite a number of our other leading lights, acknowledges a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. S. F. Edge in connection with his early training. Colonel Janson was concerned with the Gladiator car when it was being handled in this country by "S. F.," and subsequently carried on with the six-cylinder Napier, with which, as he phrases it himself, he was "practically brought up."

Colonel Janson's experience in the industry has been varied. On leaving the Napier Company he took up the Electromobile management, while just before the war broke out he had entered upon the more ambitious project of launching a car under his own name.

The year 1914 put a full-stop to this venture, of course; in fact, as 2nd Lieut. Janson, he was on the field of operations immediately after the declaration of war. He retired with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, R.A.F., and was soon identified with the Angus-Sanderson enterprise, which—after various troubles—has risen phoenix-like from the ashes, thanks, to a great degree, to Colonel Janson's efforts. On the reconstructed Angus Sanderson Co.—under the new name of Ostwalt Limited—he is appointed a director, and is enabled, by arrangement, to

share his energies whilst being interested, in every sense of the word, in Spyker cars. Enthusiasm for an article of which one has the commercial handling is always a good sign, especially when it is so transparently sincere as that of Colonel Janson for the new Spyker.

He has had many a more difficult task, however, than that which now faces him in the popularisation of this make with the British public, for it has

been well known and appreciated over here since the quite early days. The present writer recalls with pleasure a visit which he made many years ago in the company of the late Frank Wellington to the Spyker works at Trompenburg, near Amsterdam, and the week-end of somewhat hectic touring which followed. The little 15/18 Spyker (if recollection serves) did wonderful things in the way of speed and resistance to road shocks even in those early days; and a further point of interest was an inspection of the original six-cylinder, four-wheel driving Spyker. The question arose subsequently as to whether this or the Napier was the first six-cylinder car, and the usual newspaper controversy followed—with what final result escapes us at the moment, although Mr. Edge will doubtless have a clear recollection of his little argument with Frank Wellington in the columns of the now extinct *Tribune*.

The Spyker car, anyway, is well established in the confidence of all old-time motorists, and although there has been a hiatus in its representation, we are as satisfied as is Colonel Janson that he is on a good thing.

The word "Spyker" is Dutch for nail. May we suggest that Colonel Janson, with his usual acumen, has hit the nail on the head in choosing this as the make to which to devote his remarkable energies and organising ability? He has, by the way, a considerable reputation as an organiser—a reputation which his work in the service did much to enhance—and it is on record that even "S. F." has been heard to speak enthusiastically in regard to his "business sense." Here's wishing him the best of luck.



*Lieut.-Colonel S. Janson,  
R.A.F.*



## WHAT HAS SUNDAY DONE?

By Robert W. Beare.

*Sunday's all right. It is the day when the majority of motorists use the roads and require the services of the garages. For some reason, however, it seems to be a general day of rest amongst garage employees, and the motorist in trouble on a Sunday usually has to get himself out of it or wait till Monday for assistance.*

WE had endured two punctures and a burst with a reasonable amount of fortitude and lingual moderation, although 'twas a summer day and warm despite that fact. But when a tyre went flat for the fifth time, words failed each and all of the ten of us. For we had gone a picnicking in two cars among the heather beyond Bagshot; and all the tyre troubles had occurred to one car, the owner of which—who, naturally, performed the main part of the work himself—was rather played out.

To save him further exertion, we set off in the other vehicle to find a garage and a man to ride back with us to do the repair. We travelled eight miles eastward, visiting each of several garages, without success. It was Sunday, and the places were either hermetically sealed or in charge of a watchman whose mentality was of the kind that could not soar above the sale of petrol—at least, we imagined that it was possible to purchase "juice," although I could tell another tale of many Sunday miles covered in a fruitless search for a garage capable of performing even that small service.

However, we returned to the crippled car without assistance, and after proceeding nearly seven miles in the opposite direction found at last a small repair shop whose proprietor willingly slipped out of his Sunday best and returned with us. It was but the irony of fate that our friend, desperate at the seemingly unavailing delay, had once more doffed his coat, and was putting in the last pumpful of air as we drew up.

Now most of the garages we visited bore the plates denoting R.A.C. and A.A. appointments, and I believe I am correct in saying that the only place not so distinguished was the one from which we obtained *willing* assistance.

It is pretty obvious that something is wrong with the garage arrangements of this country. And this happened within thirty miles of London on a

recognised motoring road. But stay; the tale of that Sunday's mishaps is not done. We had travelled only a few more miles, keeping the unfortunate car in front, when within a stone's throw of Windsor Castle the final catastrophe happened—a tyre burst with a crack like a pistol shot.

Punctures can be mended more or less indefinitely, but two bursts with only one spare wheel, more or less, so to speak, puts the lid on it! We pushed the car into an adjacent haven, left its occupants to do a little rubbernecking before dinner, and went on home, a matter of twenty miles, to fetch a new oversize cover for them. I think that after our previous garage experiences of the day it occurred to no one to endeavour to purchase a cover of the necessary size locally. That would have thrown a catastrophic strain upon the motor sales organisation of the district. So we felt; but as we didn't try, it is scarce fair to say so, perhaps.

To cut a long story short, we returned, and were within sight of success in the struggle with the new cover when the mystic cry of the muezzin rang from the minarets of Windsor—"Last drinks, gentlemen, PLEASE!"—and the attitude of the garage attendants, who were clustered around us and previously of interested mien, changed noticeably. They wanted to close the garage; we were quite welcome to complete our job in the street. Needless to say, we refused to budge until we were ready. But they actually had the impudence to charge—the amount was a shilling; but if it had been a penny or a pound, the principle would have been the same—for the "garage" of the relief car which had brought the new tyre and was merely standing by until the other vehicle was ready!

I firmly believe that the whole system of roadside service needs revolutionising on any day of the week, but the particular complaint at the moment is in regard to Sundays. It is purely a matter of luck whether one is able

to obtain even petrol without travelling many miles, while requirements of a more serious nature may just as well be written down as unobtainable. I do not expect that any garage should maintain a staff capable of undertaking an overhaul on a Sunday, but so many simple things may happen in the course of a run, and still more in the course of a tour, which may be put right in perhaps half an hour if the proper facilities are available, which, in the absence of the latter, render the car useless indefinitely.

It may be that an old water-joint gives out unexpectedly; perhaps it is possible to patch it up temporarily, but, if not, it is neither a lengthy nor a difficult job to fit a piece of new hose. There are, however, thousands of motorists who have not the slightest idea of how to proceed; thousands more who have the greatest possible disinclination to do any such work on the road. It is not asking much, surely, to say that any member of the R.A.C. or A.A., on reaching a garage appointed by his organisation should be able to rely upon getting the work done for him at any reasonable hour, Sunday or weekday—and especially on Sunday.

Personally I don't mind getting dirty, provided I can obtain the necessary material for the repair, and that is just the difficulty. It is difficult to find a garage open on a Sunday; still more difficult to obtain just the variety of material that is required; and so much more difficult still that it is almost impossible to get assistance.

R.A.C. and A.A. appointments are given on good grounds, I believe; but recent experience leads me to believe that the grounds are not good enough. I do not see why, in the first place, such official recognition should be necessary to induce garage proprietors to give reasonable service, but as the case stands the two organisations named should certainly insist, before granting their recognition to a concern, upon a guarantee that the garage shall be open during reasonable hours seven



## WHY NOT SEVEN DAYS A WEEK?

days a week, and that there shall always be upon the premises at least one capable mechanic.

The matter of stock carried by a garage is not so easily settled, for financial considerations enter largely into the question. It should not be difficult, however, to lay in supplies to meet all average needs.

This is a grumble about garages, and consequently the hotel question is better left alone, but in this respect also the question of official appointments is sometimes rather puzzling. I was returning to London from Ilfracombe via Bideford, Torrington, Okehampton and Exeter recently, and the time came in the evening when we all agreed that sufficient for the day were the miles thereof. The next town on the road was a big and important place, and we had no doubt of securing comfortable accommodation, and—what was rapidly becoming of insistent importance—a good meal.

We arrived, cruised round and found a hotel bearing the usual signs. It looked very fusty outside, but thinking, in view of the official guarantees of the plaques, that its appearance

belied its interior, we made inquiries as to rooms and, more particularly at the moment, dinner.

They could not provide a hot meal on Sundays; would not even give us hot soup to compensate for cold meat and pickles. So we tried the other equally well-guaranteed hotel, but with the same result—fustiness outside, apathy and cold meat within.

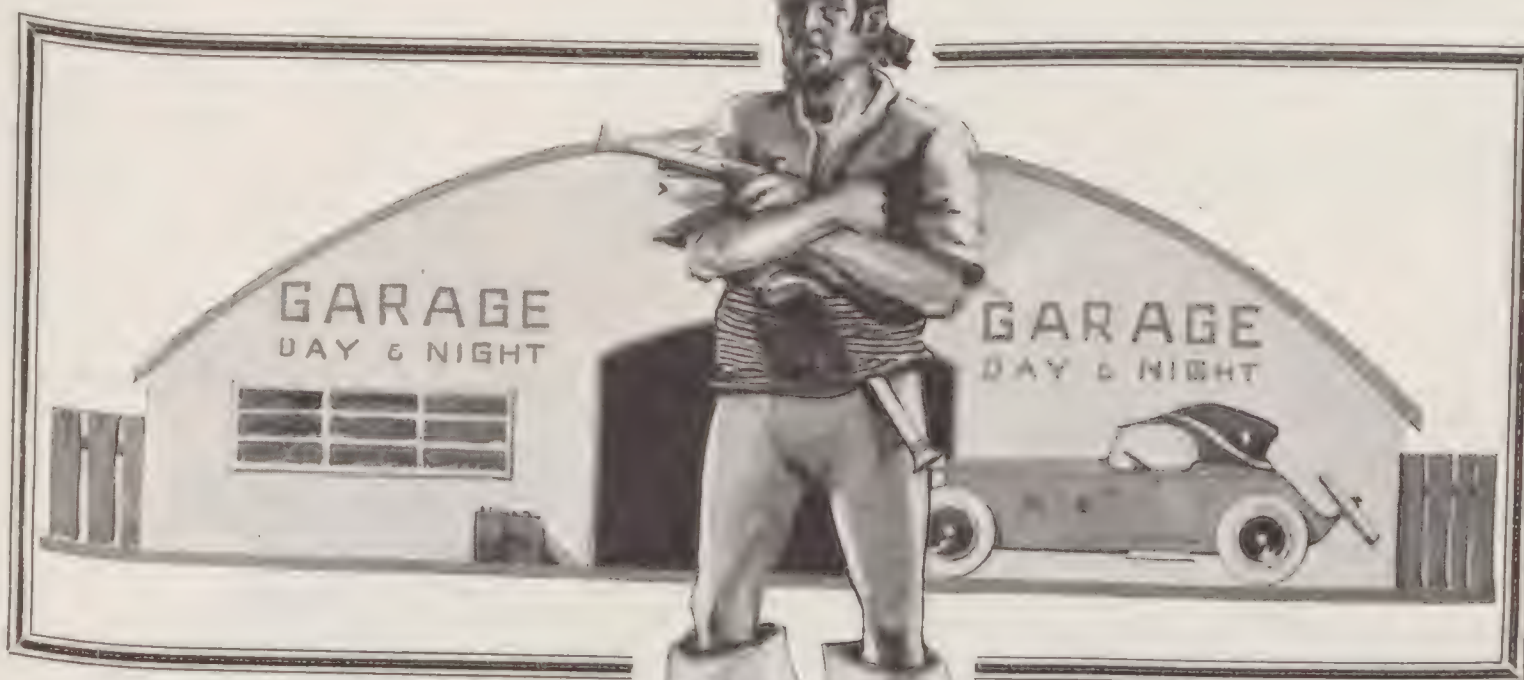
We went on to the next town, and that extra five miles was worth the delay, for there we found beautiful rooms looking out upon pleasant scenery, and a dinner consisting of soup, salmon mayonnaise which had never seen tin or bottle, cold chicken and a variety of other cold meats, with the usual trimmings, and a trifle which had been treated generously in the matter of sherry. The price next morning turned out to be within a few pence of that which we had been paying all along the road, and that which we should have had to pay at the previous town.

This hotel was also an officially appointed one, of course, but where lies the difference? If this one came up to the R.A.C. and A.A. standard,

what about the other two? How on earth did they get, or do they keep, their appointments?

It would certainly appear that a little more close supervision might be given with advantage by the motoring organisations in regard to both hotels and garages. Admittedly, it is a difficult problem, and one must not forget that even garage and hotel keepers have their point of view—that it is impossible to please everyone, for instance. There can be little doubt, however, that the motorist is not getting at the present moment really efficient service on the road, and allowing for the fact that I may have struck a patch of bad luck in both respects, I still think that some action is necessary, the more particularly as I find that many people in the course of recent tours have fared no better than I have.

Needless to say, there are plenty of excellent hotels and garages on the road—garages that are actual triumphs of organisation and efficiency. The trouble is that they seldom happen to be handy when one needs them most.



*Our artist has also suffered from the vagaries of the garage pro-*

*prietor and is taking this means of "getting his own back."*



## THE WOLSELEY FIFTEEN.

*Although there is scarcely a car in the world that it would be impossible to criticise adversely in regard to some minor point or other, the Wolseley car has as few such points as any and fewer than some. We say this, too, after 1,000 miles experience of the car.*

**I**N the ordinary run of events when one takes over a car for the purpose of testing its capabilities with a view to reporting on them in *THE MOTOR-OWNER*, the car remains in our hands for a few days and some few hundred miles are covered. This is sufficient, for anyone trained speedily to size up a car's performance, to enable an accurate estimation being arrived at. In the case of the 15 h.p. Wolseley, the manufacturers averred that their product was no ordinary product. They desired no ordinary test. They asked that we should take the car for a month, or at any rate run 1,000 miles, and see if we could find any faults or weaknesses. We agreed to the proposal, and the writer laid up his own car for a period of some three weeks and covered a thousand miles on this new model Wolseley. We should further explain that in order to make the test more exacting the car which we took over was not a special demonstration car or in any way specially prepared. It was a brand new car, standard in every way and selected at random from the over-100-per-week-output emanating from the famous

Wolseley works at Birmingham. It will be gathered, therefore, that we had ample opportunity for encountering any defect, weakness, or unlovable feature. Such things, however, do not obtain in the new Wolseley, and it was only after a painful study of the writer's banking account that the car was allowed to go back whence it came.

We do not suggest that there was no single item in regard to which one could raise a criticism if put to it. For that matter there is no car in the world in regard to which the same state of affairs does not obtain. There is always some little thing on which one can put a finger where improvement might be possible, though not infrequently the personal element may have something to do with it. We have no hesitation in saying that the 15 h.p. is a thoroughly sound car right through—from the very beginning to the very end. It is possessed of one of the most remarkable all-round-performance engines which we have ever encountered.

We will deal now with the change speed gear. The movements are quite easy of accomplishment and well up

to the average performance of an average high-grade car. We would not, however, be justified in saying that there was an outstanding superiority on the same plane as obtained in regard to the engine. This, however, is not criticism—merely an effort to balance one unit of the product as against another, and when so doing the marked superiority of the engine is a more notable feature. The suspension is a striking feature of the construction of the chassis and is more satisfactory in practice than one might deduce it to be from theoretic considerations. In a motor, of course, it is only the practical results that matter, and on this count the performance is very creditable, especially when the car has its complement of passengers. A silent back axle is another pleasing feature.

We desire, however, to make a strong point of the coachwork, the equipment, and the finish of the standard Wolseley car. In all these respects it is deserving of a very high measure of praise. The equipment has been very carefully thought out, and the comfort and convenience of the owner-driver studied in full detail.

*The Wolseley Fifteen is a thoroughly sound car right through—from the very beginning to the very*



*end. It is possessed of one of the most remarkable all-round-performance engines that we have encountered.*



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# THE HILLMAN SPEED MODEL.

*The appearance of the Hillman is too well known to need more than a word, and that word is that it is a car to be justly and honestly proud of; one, moreover, that should retain its pristine neatness longer than most.*

**W**E look upon our recent trial of a speed model Hillman car as a very distinctly educational experience. The ordinary Hillman touring type, as we have already said in these pages, is excellent in every way, but a hundred-mile run on the "speed iron" has convinced us that the last word as to the potentialities of a comparatively small engine has by no means been said until one has experienced the remarkable "ginger" revving capabilities and reserve power of the special model.

We are not aware of the precise direction in which this differs from the touring engine; in fact, except for the more open, and consequently more noisy, exhaust, the sporting model is quite as pleasantly smooth running as the touring car, and anyone who has not the desire to take advantage of the superior speed capabilities of the former can potter along at 25 or 30

quite as comfortably on the one as on the other. That, however, is to waste a good car, for it is mainly at speeds in excess of that figure that the special Hillman shines as it is intended to. The car will get away from a pace of thirty miles an hour in the same way that an ordinarily decent vehicle will accelerate from a standstill; in a matter of a very few yards it has added ten miles an hour to its score, and without effort the needle creeps round the dial until one is satisfied.

The car is essentially one which requires a fair amount of practice in driving before the best results can be hoped for; we drove it far enough to realise how much better we could have driven it if we had driven it farther, and fifty-five miles an hour was the greatest speed we cared, or dared, to touch. It maintained this on a mere whiff of gas when the figure had once been reached, and we were very conscious that if the limits of our own

courage had been reached, the car was far from being "all out."

It will be admitted, however, that this speed is sufficiently fast to enable one to form a fair estimate of a car's road-holding properties, and in this respect we have nothing but praise for the Hillman. The steering is light and true to a fraction of an inch; the car is easier to steer and hold, if anything, above fifty than below it, and the suspension also we found to be even more satisfactory at a high speed than at a low one.

It is only by attention to every detail, no matter how individually trivial, that such results as those given by the Hillman can be obtained, and we should be inclined to regard this make, and especially the speed model, as one of the best examples of the essentially British manufacturing practice, as opposed to the common American mass methods, where care for details is scarcely possible.



*A Hillman Speed Model making a spectacular ascent of Kop Hill in the recent competition.*



# MY LOG BOOK.

By Hermes.

*The writer discusses the new Brooklands twenty-four hour record proposals. In view of the fact that the tests will be split into two twelve-hour runs, with a twelve-hour rest period between, he does not think that the test will be as strenuous as the old straightaway 24-hour run.*

**E**MULATION, a well-bred cousin of imitation, is not unknown in the motor world. You have, for example, only to hearken to the manufacturers. "You want the best car—we have it," is the dictum of those merchants who are truthful. And something of this optimism tinges the owner also; for, after drinks—and even before—you can, an you will, listen to a widely varied selection from the unpublished memoirs of Baron Munchausen.

And emulation is going so far as to desire to outshine the Brooklands 24-hour record achieved so far back as 1907 by Mr. S. F. Edge. That this desire is strong I know from various remarks the trade has made in my ear. Moreover, it is corroborated by Col. F. Lindsay Lloyd, of the B.A.R.C., who has recently stated that a trial of this sort cannot at present be repeated by reason of "local circumstances." However, the B.A.R.C. has arranged with the R.A.C. to institute a series of records "even more strenuous and a greater test of the capabilities of the car than a continuous 24-hour run."

From information supplied me, these trials are to comprise a couple of 12-hour tests, with a rest of 12 hours between, and are open to all Brooklands standard classes, A to K, and to the Light Car class also. Yet, unless there is more behind the statement I have quoted above, these tests do not appear to me to be as strenuous as the original of which they are the substitute. To my mind an unbroken trial of twenty-four hours is more arduous than the alternative, for the latter will have the dual advantage of being carried out in daylight and of giving both drivers and machines a rest. No adjustments or repairs are allowed to competing cars, save during the running time, it is true, but all



Mr. G. E. Ostwalt.

Mr. G. E. Ostwalt has taken a leading part in the reconstruction of the Angus-Sanderson enterprise. In order to facilitate the purchase of the various assets of the old company, a new one was registered as Ostwalt, Ltd., but in due course a further company, Angus-Sanderson, Ltd., will be formed. The assets, of a total value of £238,000, include 32 acres of freehold land and a factory at New Southgate, where the cars are to be produced in future, materials and work in progress at Birtley, and the Bond Street Showroom.

the same I can visualise the cars benefiting by their idle stage. Nevertheless, these tests will possess considerable value, possibly greater than is at the moment anticipated, since the two organising bodies can be depended upon to carry out these tests with their customary efficiency.

Readers who fancy a change from touring or from motor-boating, or from those other ways in which they expend time and money so readily, will be interested in those pastoral nomads who style themselves the Motor Caravan Club. For there you have something as near as mortals can get to the idyllic life—seclusion, soft scented breezes, rusticity, and with it all the power to trek in the most facile fashion when the whim takes you. The M.C.C.—the new and important one, I mean—is ably organised, and its very interesting booklet will be forwarded upon application to Mr. H. Sissons, R.N.V.R., The Motor Caravan Club, Central Chambers, 150, Parade, Leamington Spa.

Welcome as is the recent drop in the price of petrol, the abruptness of that concession has caused a certain amount of irritation to the public and retailers. Messrs. Motor Mac's, of Bournemouth, make a well substantiated complaint on these grounds, for in their case the notice of the change appears to have been belated, and the first the staff knew of it was from customers. The firm are, however, prepared to refund any excess charged to their clients on May 28th and 29th upon receipt of the sale voucher.

Collective tribute to the good quality of an article is usually held to be unbiased, and therefore the numerous appreciations of F.N. cars, issued as a booklet, go far towards convincing one of the continued merits of the car.





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# TO THE PYRENEES AND SPAIN.

By Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Passes of the Pyrenees."

*From the motoring standpoint at least, the Pyrenees district is more or less unknown country, and those who have exhausted the novelty of the French and Italian Riviéras, of the Alps and Tyrol, might do worse than turn their bonnets southward to the glorious, unspoilt expanse dealt with in this article.*

CERTAIN axioms require to be put forward when motor mountaineering comes up for consideration. The Continent is much warmer generally than Great Britain, and sunny weather, as a rule, is more constant in the summer than it is with us at home. Hence, to keep cool one must take to high ground. What is even more important, however, to the touring motorist is the fact that it is only in summer weather that he can explore the mountain ranges for their own sakes, for the high passes are necessarily open to traffic for only a limited period in each year.

The non-motoring traveller has been able for many years to rise a certain distance above the plains by means of Swiss mountain railways and funiculars, and it is this type of tourist that continues to foster the idea that Switzerland has a monopoly of the Alps. He is not only unable, however, to attain greater heights by road than he can by rail even in Switzerland itself, but is blissfully unaware of the vast resources in the way of mountain travel that are open to the touring motorist among the Alpine passes of France, Italy, and Austria. These are not only much more numerous than those of Switzerland but more beautiful, more lofty, and much better built. These facts were becoming more and more widely known up to the time of the outbreak of the great war, and motor mountaineering was growing steadily in popularity, as many as fifty cars a day, for example, crossing the noble Stelvio Pass (9,041 ft. in altitude).

The case of the Pyrenees, however, is vastly different. They are not exploited by hotel keepers and tourist agencies, nor scarred by funiculars at any point; consequently not even railway travellers know anything about them, so far as road passes are concerned. And as the Pyrenees stand very far south, the district generally is only visited by the non-motorist as a winter resort, and only at certain points can he get in touch with the

mountains at all, and nowhere can he cross a summit.

To the motorist, none the less, who does not fear to travel southwards in summer the Pyrenees when reached will offer a glorious expanse of untrammelled locomotion on high ground, sporting without being adventurous, over many properly engineered roads, and amid scenery that is everywhere beautiful and entirely unhackneyed. In certain respects it is so different from that of the Alps that it is quite worth the while even of the experienced Alpine traveller to essay this new field. He will not find such colossal altitudes, either of mountain or mountain road, nor run the risk of being surfeited by perpetual glaciers and snow-capped peaks; but he will nevertheless be confronted with much that is sublime, and a very great deal of beauty of a kind that the Alps do not possess, especially in respect of colouring.

The mountains themselves are often

wonderfully symmetrical, presenting tier upon tier of sugar-loaf formation as against the familiar ridges of the Alps, particularly those of Switzerland, which too often suggest merely a ploughed field magnified several thousand-fold. The Dolomites are supreme in their wonderful but beautiful irregularity and the number of their isolated peaks; Mont Blanc is supreme as an individual object of snowy grandeur; but where groups are concerned the Pyrenees are superior in symmetry to the Alps, wherever artistic outlines have to be considered apart from the effects of snow. As a photographer I should prefer to find myself in the Dolomites; as an artist with a pencil in the Pyrenees. The painter I put out of count, for I have never yet seen a picture in either oils or water-colours that came within a hundred miles of doing justice to the original landscape, if Alpine, however much the painting might please those who had never set eyes upon the actual scene.

Premising, then, that the Pyrenees are worth visiting by car, the first question to be considered is how to get there by road. They are best traversed, I think, from the west, though there is no valid reason why they should not be taken from east to west if one is returning, for example, from a spring sojourn in Italy or the South of France. But if setting forth from England to the Franco-Spanish frontier I should aim for Bordeaux, by the famous Paris-Bordeaux road; but those who enjoy the sea might do worse than reach Bordeaux by boat, particularly if starting in July and the season happened to be a very hot one.

From Bordeaux it is only 231½ kilometres, or 144 miles, to Biarritz by way of Mont-de-Marsan and Bayonne, and there one is at the western extremity of the great range which stretches right across the base of France. Before leaving Biarritz, which is one of the busiest places in Europe from July to September, when the English are conspicuously absent,



*The Hospice de France, above Luchon, which stands at an elevation of 4,462 feet.*



IN THE MOUNTAIN TOPS.



*A Chateau near Luzenac,  
in the Eastern Pyrenees.*

one should run out to St. Jean de Luz, 10 miles away, and also cross the frontier to San Sebastian and its magnificent bay.

Then comes the question of how best to explore the Pyrenees by car in effective fashion. The winter or spring visitor wriggles through into Spain by the low Col de Velake (2,848 ft.), which is all he sees of the mountains until he harks back at some other low point, probably the Col du Perthus, which is the eastern gateway in or out of Spain, and has an elevation of a mere 951 ft. A still commoner method for non-summer tourists is to follow the valley road (which is also the railway route) on the north side of the mountain ranges, through Pau, Tarbes, St. Girons, etc. They view the Pyrenees from many miles away, and at sundry points can approach them by *cul-de-sac* roads or branch lines of rail, thus reaching Eaux Chaudes, Cauterets, and Luchon, but never attaining to really high ground. Luchon is the only place at which any real impression of the Pyrenees can be derived by the tourist who does not realise that high mountains must be visited in summer. Now Luchon



*The Village of Javarnic, near Luz.*

is a charming centre, but it is only 2,066 ft. in altitude, and Cauterets, though somewhat higher (3,058 ft.), is very much shut in and leads to nowhere. Infinitely more delightful is it to roam at will over the summits of the passes and explore what is unquestionably the most unspoiled and unexploited tract of picturesque territory in Western Europe.

As to what is available in the way of pass climbing by car, I may state that there are about three dozen Cols of varying heights. The loftiest of these, in France itself, is the Col du Tourmalet (6,961 ft.), but in the little independent State of Andorra there is a road over the Col de Fray-Miquel which is no less than 8,022 ft. in altitude, and is, therefore, the sixth on the list of the highest carriage roads of Europe.

Next to the Col du Tourmalet in order of height comes the Col de Puymorens (6,292 ft.), and it is while in the neighbourhood of this finely engineered road that one may make an excursion into the quaint republic of Andorra.

Without attempting a complete list of the Pyrenean passes I may name



# THE QUESTION OF ROUTES.

the following as most worthy of attention in respect of altitude, after the foregoing :—

	Ft.
Col de Tosas .. ..	5,856
Col du Pourtalet .. ..	5,768
Col de Casteillon .. ..	5,652
Col d'Aubisque .. ..	5,610
Col du Somport .. ..	5,381
Col de la Perche .. ..	5,147
Col de Peyresourde .. ..	5,069
Col d'Aspin .. ..	4,912
Col de Soulor .. ..	4,757
Col de Rigat .. ..	4,754
Col de Chioula .. ..	4,707
Col de Marmare .. ..	4,461
Col de Port .. ..	4,098
Col de Portet .. ..	3,504

All of these can be crossed in a continuous journey from east to west, with the exception of the Col de Tosas, which may reasonably be left aside unless it is desired to visit Barcelona, round which the roads, none the less, are very bad.

There is one other way of crossing into Spain, however, which is romantically enjoyable, and which every motorist who takes his car to the Pyrenees in summer will feel to be a full justification of his enterprise. Right through the heart of the Hautes Pyrénées are carved the Col du Somport and the Col du Pourtalet, two roads which are more Alpine in character than anything else from Biarritz to Perpignan. I was amused, when seeking out road passes in the Pyrenees in 1911, to find that neither of these splendid roads was even mentioned by *Baedeker*, while *Murray's Guide* briefly dismissed the pair as bridle-paths! As a matter of fact, even at that time public service cars were running in the season from July 15th to September 15th, from Eaux Bonnes to the Baths of Panticosa, which are on the Spanish side of the Pourtalet summit. From the motoring point of view an opportunity is lost by any one who does not follow the route defined herewith :—

Oloron-Ste.-Marie (689 ft.) to Acous (29 kilometres), Urdos (15), Col du Somport (10), Canfranc (12), Jaca (25), Biescas (32), Bains de Panticosa (14), Sallent (36), Col du Pourtalet (10), Gabas (15), Eaux Chaudes (14), and Laruns (9); total, 212 kilometres, or 131½ miles.

The ascent from Oloron is one of 4,692 ft. in 54 kilometres, while the ascent of the Col du Pourtalet, which practically begins at Sallent, is one of 1,480 ft. in 10 kilometres, with a following descent of 4,114 ft. in 29 kilometres. The road surfaces are excellent on the higher slopes, and the gradients in no way beyond the capabilities of any sound touring car.

Crossing the Col du Tourmalet is another enjoyable experience, leading one as it does through fine scenery and conferring a quite respectable climb into the bargain. It rises 4,714 ft. in 18 kilometres from Luz, and falls 5,137 ft. in 30 kilometres to Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and is therefore steeper than the average Alpine pass, the reason being that the road is cut along the mountain sides in fairly straight lines instead of being built with hairpin corners. To some drivers these are anathema, and they may welcome the direct progression accordingly, though at the expense of stiffer gradients.

From Luchon two very charming excursions may be made to the Hospice de France and the Vallée du Lys respectively, and both are well worth doing. The former, it is true, is somewhat stiff as to gradient, the rise being one of 2,396 ft. from Luchon, which stands at 2,066 ft. in 11 kilometres, but is regularly achieved by touring cars. The run to the charming Vallée du Lys is a mere matter of 10

kilometres, and only needs to be taken carefully by reason of the great number of horse carriages on the road.

In the Eastern Pyrenees there is a perfect plethora of attractive runs, much less severe in character than those already named. In addition to plenty of pass climbing over excellent roads there are picturesque gorges to be visited and fine old castles to be seen. Aix-les-Thermes makes an excellent centre for excursions, while other places that should be visited are Axat, Quillan, Mont Louis, and Vernet-les-Bains. While at Quillan, by the way, it would be a crime not to run out to the famed city of Carcassonne and back, unless the Pyrenees are finally quitted by way of Toulouse, in which case Carcassonne would be taken in passing. The ramparted old Cité is without a rival in the world, and since it was restored in comparatively recent times to its ancient grandeur it has been preserved by the Government of France as a national monument.

I may add, perhaps, that a reasonably comprehensive tour of the Pyrenees may be compassed within 600 miles from coast to coast. This journey would only include about half the number of mountain roads which I have dealt with in *The Passes of the Pyrenees*, but would, none the less, afford a picturesque and varied tour, from which the motorist would return with very different ideas of the resources of the district from those derived by the railway traveller.

To those who wish to extend their explorations into Spain it may be pointed out that Pamplona may be reached from Jaca, at the foot of the Col du Somport, and a mostly good road may be followed to San Sebastian. For anything in the way of extensive touring in Spain, however, a time of year should be chosen at which it is not desirable to visit the Hautes Pyrénées, and in that case one would proceed to San Sebastian directly from Biarritz. The roads in the north of Spain, by the way, have been much improved under the influence of that keen motorist King Alfonso, so far as the north is concerned, but to venture any distance south of Madrid is a course that cannot safely be recommended.



On the road to the Col du Tourmalet (6,961 feet).



# The Hupmobile

is good to look upon,

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# TUNING UP FOR A TOUR.

By W. J. Brunell.

*Mr. Brunell, who has secured a gold medal in four consecutive long-distance reliability trials, is well qualified to give advice to those who want to get their cars into perfect order in preparation for a tour. He gives the owner-driver some valuable hints in the following lines.*

**T**HAT break in business—how we all look forward to it! Many a pleasant evening can be spent in talking over where to go, what to see, and how to get there. But the preparation of the "bus" for the tour is certainly not the least interesting part of it. A no-trouble run is what we all want, and nowadays this should be the rule rather than the exception. If the car has been well run, it is just as well to decarbonise the engine as a start. This is quite a simple job with the modern detachable head, but it is necessary to be very careful with the gasket. The removal of this requires a considerable amount of patience, while it and the surfaces of the cylinder block and head should be made scrupulously clean before it is replaced. I always prefer to use the same gasket rather than to fit a new one, as it has been properly bedded down, while a new gasket will temporarily lower the compression of the engine. In replacing the head the holding down nuts should be tightened up a little at a time, starting with the centre one and then carrying on from corner to corner, diagonally, as far as possible. In this way a good joint may be made, and although the use of a little gold size will help matters it should not be really necessary.

Plug points should be set a little closer, for on inspection it will be found that quite a little redness has been burnt in the electrode. Attention should also be given to the tappets, bearing in mind the maker's advice in regard to the clearance between the tappets and valve stems.

Personally, I make it a practice when decarbonising to run out all oil and swill out the crank case with paraffin, so that I

start off with a fresh supply of my favourite oil. Also I stow away a little tin (quart) of spare oil in the locker just to keep up the level; filling above the mark is only waste, and while not actually harmful the engine gets carbonised up all the sooner.

Having got the pulling department all right, a little attention should be given to the stopping apparatus. Brakes should be taken up, but see that the wheels spin freely after this has been done—don't make a "guess" job of this, but jack up the wheels and be sure. The little extra trouble is worth it, for otherwise the engine may be pulling against a nasty drag all the time, wasting "juice," losing power, and wearing out the offending brake.

While the wheel is jacked up carefully examine the tyre for bad cuts, etc. It is wise always to see that the rear wheels are well shod with one's favourite brand of tyre, and if there is any doubt of a particular cover it is better to fit a new one rather than to risk having to purchase what they happen to have in stock at some out-of-the-way garage when on tour, and

running the rest of the trip worried all the time through lack of confidence in the article one has been forced to buy.

A few spares should be carried, apart from a spare wheel and tyre complete, such as an extra tube, a sparking plug, a valve with spring and cotter complete, spare bulbs for the lamps, and a repair outfit. I also carry a very long length of "flex," with a plug and a lamp which enables me to transform an old shed or barn into an electric lighted garage in case of necessity. Before I forget it—if the car is of recent purchase, with the modern detachable steel wheels, just see that they are all interchangeable. Quite recently I had a case of the bolt holes requiring the attention of a file before the wheel could be encouraged on to its pegs.

A short run should be undertaken when the work has been done, and when the engine is fairly hot it will be possible to tighten up the holding down nuts of the detachable head; while it is worth while also just to check over the valve clearances again.

Luggage with two up in a little two-seater is rather a problem, but I find the best practice is to get a large Gladstone bag that will fit fairly tightly the rear of the locker. This contains the bulk, or hotel, luggage; that is, garments and so forth which will only be required at a night stopping place, or at one's destination. An attaché case is sufficient to take the things likely to be wanted on the road, and this will go very comfortably on the seat between driver and passenger, forming a convenient arm rest. The camera in its case can go on top of the attaché case, and is always in sight and readiness for use.



*When removing the head, be careful with the gasket.*



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SOME THINGS THAT ONE MUST MISS.

# ON SEEING ENGLAND.

By Viator.

*Can one see England in a week? Well, at the price of a rather strenuous time of constant driving, one can see a considerable portion of the country, but in the long run from the Border to the West Country that alone is possible in the time to the average tourist, many of the finest and most interesting spots must be neglected.*

A MAN who has done the Alps and the Pyrenees, and for aught I know may have inhaled the ether of those other high altitudes, the Andes, the Rockies, the Cordilleras, and the Mountains of the Moon, once told me that one could "do" England in a week with a (and here he mentioned a fine car, a very lordly car indeed, a car the prime cost of which would keep a country family going for a twelvemonth and me for three years). He told me it, too, with such an I-am-Sir-Oracle air, preluded by a sniff and concluded with a snap, that I, for all I dearly love an argument—especially about roads and places and old inns—"held my whisht," deeming discretion a better part than inclination. For to me, Warwickshire-cum-Yorkshire-cum Lancashire—that is, I venture to say English to the last drop—it is vexing to hear England spoken of cavalierly—more vexing even than it would be were anyone to belittle Mont Blanc or to speak disrespectfully of the Equator, the Great Bear, or the Atlantic Ocean. They—the considerable mound of Switzerland, the earth's axis, the lodestar of men who go down to the sea in ships, and the big pond whose waters set off the Cornish coast to such advantage—they, I say, are all able to keep each its end up itself, whereas England is so little—and, incidentally, so much one's very own—as to seem worth guarding against aspersion. London is not Rome, nor the Thames the Rhine, nor Windermere Lucerne, nor Wells Cathedral Chartres, nor the New Forest the Black, nor the dales of the Derbyshire Wye the Gorges of the Tarn. Nevertheless, England in a week—let us consider ways, means, mileages, and an etcetera or two.

The distance from London to the far side of the multi-arched bridge across the Tweed to Berwick by the shortest possible way—the way of the Great North Road—is 336 miles and a fraction, according to general reckoning, and from Berwick, by way

of Kelso and Hawick, to Carlisle it is 87 miles. Of these 87 miles all except eleven are in Scotland, but, as against that, there is no east to west road beyond Newcastle on the English side of the Border. It is not so much that the Cheviots are insurmountable as that the natural course of the traffic, from the days of the Roman occupation of Britain and through the centuries of strife between the English and the Scots, was from north to south and *vice versa*, as it continues to be to this day.

Again, in order to win from Carlisle to Exeter you must reel off 348 miles, and from Exeter to London 168; and in order to keep within the former of these two totals you must cross Shap on your way to Kendal, not go round by Keswick and Ambleside; travel straight across the Shropshire coalfield, through Madeley and Dawley, instead of running wide, through Shifnal, whereby the wretchedness is mitigated: and keep to the direct road from Worcester to Tewkesbury, and so miss the fine run along the western side of the Malverns, through West Malvern to Wynds Point and, of course, the great view which that high-terraced stretch affords. More than those courses you must even cut out the engaging little side-run by which, branching from the Bristol-Bridgwater highway from the fork high up on Shutshelve Hill, one wins through Axbridge to the deep gash called Cheddar, and later rejoins the main road at Cross. And, if having added up the several sets of mileage, you divide the total by seven you get an average daily mileage of 134 and a fraction. For an odd day such a mileage is by no means excessive—granted: but try it, day after day, for a week, driving always yourself, and unless you are a glutton for work you may deem the undertaking a somewhat tiring one.

And, the journey ended, what would you have seen of England? Necessarily something, but still how little, and, above all, how very little of her

best. The allure of the Great North Road is speed, not scenery. That road was not built for pleasure purposes, but for business; and if you tell me that it has outgrown its original purpose, then must I ask you how you account for the telegraph and telephone poles, their number, unusually numerous, and their stacks, unusually high and heavy. No; it won't do, my friend; the clattering coaches, the jingling harness, and the galloping horses are departed, but the road that remembers them so well, the Great North Road, is as utilitarian a road as ever. It is a means to an end—whether the end be a salmon river, a grouse moor, or a deer forest—not a means unto itself, a road of travel for travel's sake.

Why, the Great North Road, for all its high, long-drawn-out romance, does not so much as turn aside for Peterborough Cathedral, its glorious west front. It is true that our doing-England-in-a-week friend might elect in this instance to differ from the road, for the loop road—Kate's cabin, Peterborough, Norman Cross—does not exceed the main road by more than a few miles. Nevertheless our friend might not afford himself many such little differences. It is not merely that every mile over and above the 135 would be precious, but also that sight-seeing takes up time. It might savour of unkindness then to remind our friend that the Dukeries, a region that, though disafforested long ago, still boasts some of the noblest oaks in England and is generally rich in sylvan scenery, is also only a little wide of the road. With Derbyshire, of course, it is different. In order to include the show-parts of that famed county a quite considerable détour would be necessary. Yet who dare say that he has seen England who has not Dovedale seen, not Haddon Hall, finest specimen of a baronial hall in all "her forty shires"—nor Derwent in her deep gorge at Matlock, nor Wye at the foot of Taddington Pass, in Miller's Dale, and in Chee Dale?



## A STRUGGLE WITH "THE ENEMY."

To return to our friend's route, on all the long stretch from Doncaster to Darlington, close on eighty miles, there is not a town to speak of; for Wetherby and Boroughbridge and Northallerton are overgrown villages rather than towns. A "fast" stretch that, if you like, but not one to impress the traveller with Yorkshire, the shire above all for castles and abbeys, storied ruins, picturesque too, of mediæval England, to say nothing of shaggy moorlands and rushing rivers, as Wharfe in the Strid and Yore below the bridge at Aysgarth. The North Road crosses Yore at Boroughbridge and is bridged over Swale at Topcliffe, a short stage further on; but "What a Yore!" and "Such a Swale!" you might exclaim should you ever have seen the one river in Wensleydale and the other anywhere between Reeth, high up Swaledale, and Richmond, that town which for situation rivals even Durham. And as to the ensuing long stretch from Darlington, through Durham, to Newcastle, the less said about it the better, except for Durham's great cathedral, as fine for situation as any of our great churches, even Lincoln. Seldom is the going on that stretch better than indifferent, oft-times it is bad; and the scenery, if any such thing there be, is not worse than the scenery of factoried South-East Lancashire, the Potteries, and the Black Country. The traveller by road pays a long price for a sight of Durham's noble fane.

The price for Alnwick, its most astounding castle, its glorious park, and its other sight, Hulme Abbey—oddly enough built above a river instead of on it—is happily a shorter one. After having parted company, at Gosforth, a suburb of Newcastle, with the tramlines, the opportunities to "let her rip" are pretty continuous, except for Morpeth and gated Alnwick, on the rest of the way to Berwick's great bridge—the arches number sixteen—but neither from that long bowling stretch, 63 miles, does the traveller see all that is worth seeing in Northumberland. It misses Warkworth Castle, stately still, and misses, too, the bared ribs of Dunstanburgh, the forlornest ruin, one would say, in all England. Bamburgh Castle, lording it over the little fishing village turned holiday resort where Grace Darling lived, is also off the line of the great road, and so is Holy Island, with Lindisfarne Abbey, haunted to this day, it may be, by the shade of

Aidan, monk of Iona and bishop in Northumbria.

Coming south, in order to be quite fair, one would have to throw in the way through Lakeland from Carlisle or from Penrith, seeing how inconceivable it is that any properly brought up Englishman could be so ignorant of his own country that he would blindly follow the straight way down to Kendal. But even at that—from Carlisle following the Cockermouth road as far as Bothel, there turning off to the left for the Castle Inn and Keswick, and thence winning to Kendal by way of Dunmail Raise, Grasmere, Ambleside, and the village of Windermere—a greater distance than by the direct route—our traveller would not do anything like justice to the Lakes. No Buttermere, no Wastwater, no Ullswater, no Coniston, no climbing the "dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" for the joy of the exercise and the greatness of the view, nor yet the short but glorious round of Borrowdale! Still, it would be something, and something too, were the traveller to be crossing Levens Bridge, on the way from Kendal to Milnthorpe, on a Thursday afternoon, since then one is allowed access to the gardens of Levens Hall, which, of their kind (topiary) are as famous as the hall itself is picturesque.

By no means is the best of Lancashire discovered on the way from Milnthorpe, through Carnforth, Lancaster, Preston and Wigan, to Warrington. There may be those who doubt whether Lancashire has a "best," but with the imaginary dividing line of that county and Westmorland running from end to end of Windermere, Coniston Water and Ruskin's choice for a home, you may remember, is Lancashire, and so is Furness Abbey. Lancashire also claims the Lune Valley below the Devil's Bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, in which length is included the famous Crook o' Lune. Grange-over-Sands, a watering-place that contrives to be cheerful without being either rowdy or fashionable, is Lancashire, like Arnside—a place for resplendent sunsets—and Sandside and Silverdale. Yealand, the region that holds those delectable little places, is on the limestone, and there nature is profuse of wild flowers in fine variety and hedgerows that Devon might be proud to boast.

At Warrington a bridge across the Mersey bears the road-farer out from Lancashire into Cheshire. The direct

road across the latter county, with Acton Bridge, Tarporley and Whitchurch for its chief landmarks, unfortunately misses Chester, one of the most ancient of our English cities, picturesque withal. The road, nearing Tarporley, gives a capital view of Beeston Castle, perched atop an isolated hill that, further south, is seen to stand out, sentinel-like, from a richly wooded ridge, the Peckforton Hills. I, who have seen that view in many weathers and at all times o' day, deem it striking indeed, a notable view; and striking too is the view—an all-round-the-compass view—from the eyrie on which Ranulph, Earl of Chester, returned from the Crusade, built his castle of Beeston. But to win that great view one must perforce go afoot, and for that sort of thing our doing-England-in-a-week tourist would be ill equipped in the matter of time.

Truth to tell, I find myself growing impatient at that person. After all, does it matter to anyone, so lacking a sense of proportion that his way across Shropshire too—from Whitchurch, through Hodnet—one would want to put in an hour or two in Hawkestone Park—and Wellington, to Bridgnorth—will not hold a candle to a more westerly route—Shrewsbury, Church Stretton, Craven Arms—one thinks instinctively of rare old Stoke-say—and Ludlow? That route if continued in a straight line will carry one right down the Wye Valley to Chepstow; and for an Englishman—however it might be for an American who is out for the purpose of enabling himself to say he has seen rather than to see—to suppose that he has "done" England yet has not seen the Wye Valley is to imagine a vain thing. One might multiply our friend's misses, fill a whole issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER with them. But as enough is as good as a feast, so do a few instances point a moral and adorn a tale to as marked a degree as a whole old-fashioned clothes-basketful. Let us then, without more ado, to our thirty-thirdly and lastly. In order to "do" England, a little country but very tightly packed, one must prowl, not simply mop up miles; divagate, not just traverse the lines of a triangle. Define the triangle as carefully as one may, there must inevitably be as good things in between the lines as on, and as brave sights outside the lines as the most inspiring either on or between.





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## B O U L O G N E - S U R - M E R .

*The motorist who crosses the Channel on the way to the wider touring fields of the Continent seldom bestows a thought upon the point at which his car is disembarked. He is usually too anxious to get through with the formalities! Boulogne itself, however, is well worthy of attention.*



*On the ramparts of the thirteenth-century château*

**I**F the motorist, passing through Boulogne on his way to Paris, has any time to spare, he will not regret making a short run to the old parts of this ancient town, for few of the many thousands who land at Boulogne know anything more about it than the rather uninteresting road that leads out of it.

It was a favourite place with many authors and artists, and Dickens wrote that "if it were hundreds of miles further from England, instead of being, on a clear day, within sight of . . . the chalk cliffs of Dover, you would long ago have been bored to death about the town . . . it is more picturesque and quaint than half the innocent places which tourists, following their leaders like flocks of sheep . . . have made impostors of."

The way up from the harbour to the Haute Ville is across the Pont Marquet and by the Grande Rue to the

ramparts. These old walls, dating from the thirteenth century, still entirely surround the citadel; they are nearly a mile long, and the turrets 55 ft. high. Three of its ancient gateways, the Porte des Dunes, Porte Gayole, Porte de Calais, are for vehicular traffic; the fourth, Porte des Dépres, for pedestrians only. Louis Napoleon was imprisoned in the thirteenth-century château within the walls, after the attempted rising in 1840.

From earliest times Boulogne has played an important part in our history; it was from this port that Julius Cæsar sailed with his fleet of eighty transports for the invasion of Britain. Nearly 2,000 years later Napoleon said, "Let me be master of the Channel for six hours, and I am master of the world," and assembled his army of 172,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry on the heights above

the town, and built the Bassin à Flot, near the Gare Maritime, which held a fleet of 2,413 craft, ready to convey the invaders to England on the arrival of the rest of the fleet from Brest and Antwerp.

If the day happens to be Wednesday or Saturday, the motorist should turn off to the Place Dalton at the foot of the Grande Rue and visit the market, a picturesque scene of white-capped women and blue-bloused men, gay stalls of flowers, fruit, baskets and merchantmen of every description.

The harbour is a fine one, for Boulogne has a large fishing fleet, some of which go as far north as Scotland and Iceland in the herring season; the fisherwomen's dress, and their quarters of the town, "cobweb hung with great brown nets across the narrow uphill streets," are as picturesque as Naples.



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

# MOUNTAINEERING WITH A LIGHT CAR.

By John Leeming.

*It is not necessary to set out to motor from Pekin to Paris as one Signor Antonio Scarfoglio did. All the necessary excitement can be obtained with a light car amongst the Welsh hills. Some enthusiasts may like to take this article as a guide.*

MANY readers will be familiar with the scenery of Elan Valley. It is a series of lakes winding through a deep valley, forests reaching right to the water's edge, and towering mountains on each side. Considered as one of the most beautiful spots in South Wales, it has an excellent road along one side of the lakes which makes it possible for the motorist.

The suggestion that we should explore the upper sources of the lakes by car was made to me last autumn. It was proposed to strike over the moors following sheep tracks towards the head of the top lake and, circling side. From Rhayader until we reached the top dam no proper roads could be expected, but our springs were strong, and with careful driving we hoped to come through. The Ordnance Survey No. 179 was consulted and showed an "ancient road" existed running from Rhayader over the hills to the foot of Bryn Eithinog; from that point we should have to cross the bare hillside.

With plenty of cigarettes, matches, food and drink aboard, we left Llandrindod in the Calthorpe shortly after nine o'clock. A rival car we learnt was starting within an hour. From Llandrindod Wells to Rhayader is twelve miles, and we ran through the latter half an hour later. As soon as the cross roads in Rhayader village were reached we took the Elan Valley road, turning to the right immediately after passing under the railway arch. This, which is known as "the old Aberystwyth road" is a cart track leading to some farms.

Passing the last farm about two miles from Rhayader the hedges were left behind, and the track led upwards along the side of the mountain. Patches of loose stones and slabs of rock formed the surface. The ascent is steep just here, rising from eight hundred feet to sixteen hundred feet in the next two miles. The bad surface and the steepness of the climb forced us into bottom gear, and it was on

this we crept upwards to the top of Pen Rhiw-wen. Up to this there had been no difficulty in following the "ancient road," for although grass-covered and appallingly uneven, the heather had not obtained a hold on the track itself and it was easy to pick the way. Once over the summit the road seemed better, and two miles further on we stopped, before descending Moel Genfron, to let the engine cool down.

The descent into the valley at the top of the lake was a terrifying affair. I hesitate to state the gradient, but the drop looked almost sheer. I switched off the engine, tried both brakes, then commenced crawling down with the passenger walking by the side of the car. He had a chunk of wood and instructions to push it under the wheels if the car started to "toboggan."

On reaching the bottom safely, we drove slowly along the banks of the Elan, looking for the ford. We had been told there was one about half a mile above the lake; whether this was a tale or whether we missed it I do not know, but eventually we had

to choose a place where the banks sloped gently and the water looked not too deep, and risk it. We got across safely, water up to the hub-caps.

The way now lay across the hills, a sheep track, surface deplorable, and ascents that brought us into low gear on and off for several miles.

Just before ascending Bryn Eithinog a striking view of the lakes was obtained. We were crossing the bare hillside, and two miles away, eight hundred feet lower down, the water wound among the mountains.

It was after twelve-thirty when we reached the highest point of our tour on the side of Bryn Eithinog. We had hoped to reach the summit, over seventeen hundred feet, but about half a mile from the top the only possible path became so precipitous that the way by car was impossible. Perhaps it might be scaled from the other side of the hill, but the way on the lake side was not only steep but so broken with loose rocks and crags that a passage for the car could not be found, and reluctantly we turned towards the foot of Trumau. The way down was, of course, difficult because of the steepness. At times we pushed for half a mile through heather reaching to the running boards; big rocks had to be avoided, and on the grass slopes the fear of "tobogganing" was very real.

By two o'clock we had reached the lower moors. Streams were encountered, and realising the folly of trying to find a way among them, we stopped, and, leaving the car, explored on foot. I, taking the left bank, wandered into soft swampy land and got lost among the lesser brooks that fed the main stream. But the passenger had better luck, and after wasting some time following a tributary he discovered firm ground around the foot of Esgair Gris. Returning to the car we had lunch, and after changing a tyre that had gone flat, started out again. But the worst of the day was now over, and at a quarter past four we drew up outside the hotel at Llanfadog.





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# A TEST OF THE OVERLAND.

*The Overland car has points to recommend it which are not immediately discernible. Its outstanding feature of difference from other cars is, of course, its unusual suspension, which enables an ample body to be used on a comparatively short wheelbase. The price has recently been reduced to an attractive figure.*

THE recent reduction by one hundred pounds in the price of the Overland car to £395 removes the only objection to the car that one could have raised in reason, and at the new figure there is no question that good value for money is offered. For the Overland is much better than it looks—and bigger, too. At a glance one takes it to be rather on the small side, doubtless owing to the unusual arrangement of the springs, which allow of a much larger body than is usual with a wheelbase of the Overland length. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that with the manoeuvrability—if one may use the phrase—of a small car one has the body space and comfort of a much larger vehicle. The wheel base, as a matter of fact, is only 8 ft. 4 in., whereas the “spring base,” or overall body space, is 30 in. greater—10 ft. 10 in.

The engine is of the characteristically “soft” American type. Engineers will tell one that the type is inefficient, but the fact remains that while technically it may be unsound, on the road the Overland motor gives excellent practical results. It has four cylinders of  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. bore and 4 in. stroke, giving an R.A.C. rating of 18.2 h.p. With a modern British super-efficient engine these dimensions would probably produce 26 h.p. or so with coaxing, but one would judge that the nominal eighteen is about the correct figure. As this power is good for forty miles an hour or so, and as the car

will perform ninety-nine hundredths of its work on top speed; as, moreover, the engine is so childishly simple to control that it will give its best results in any hands, one is forced to the conclusion that in this case technical inefficiency may be safely ignored.

It might be thought these results are obtained at the expense of an unduly heavy fuel consumption, but this is far from being the case, as it may be remembered that recently in an economy demonstration in which 191 Overland cars took part an average consumption of more than 30 miles per gallon was recorded. This is not to say that every Overland owner can get as good a result, for a good deal depends upon the method of driving and the character of the work the car is called upon to perform. We can say from our own knowledge, however, that no one will have the slightest difficulty in beating 25 m.p.g.; how much better they can go depends upon themselves.

Simplicity is the keynote of Overland manufacture. Thermo-syphonic water circulation is used for this reason; the clutch is of the single plate variety;

steering is by planetary gears—and so on throughout the chassis. Where complication can be avoided it has been done, with the result that the Overland is an ideal owner-driver's car requiring the minimum of attention, and that for the most part needing scarcely more than elementary knowledge for its performance.

In these days of financial stringency it is a car that has a distinct appeal, for not only is it inexpensive in first cost, but it is equally economical in regard to running expenses and repairs. Those repairs which the owner cannot perform himself—cases of actual breakage, for instance—seldom occur, but if they do spare parts are quickly and cheaply obtainable, and they are, moreover, easy to fit.

This is not a point upon which one cares to dwell in considering a new car, since one is sufficiently optimistic to imagine that mechanical troubles are always going to pass one by. The fact remains, however, that it is a point of some importance where economy is a necessity, and it is a point upon which a standardised car such as the Overland naturally scores heavily.

Although the Overland is quite obviously an American car in line and finish, it is a very creditable example, and given reasonable care should maintain its original air of respectability for a considerable period.



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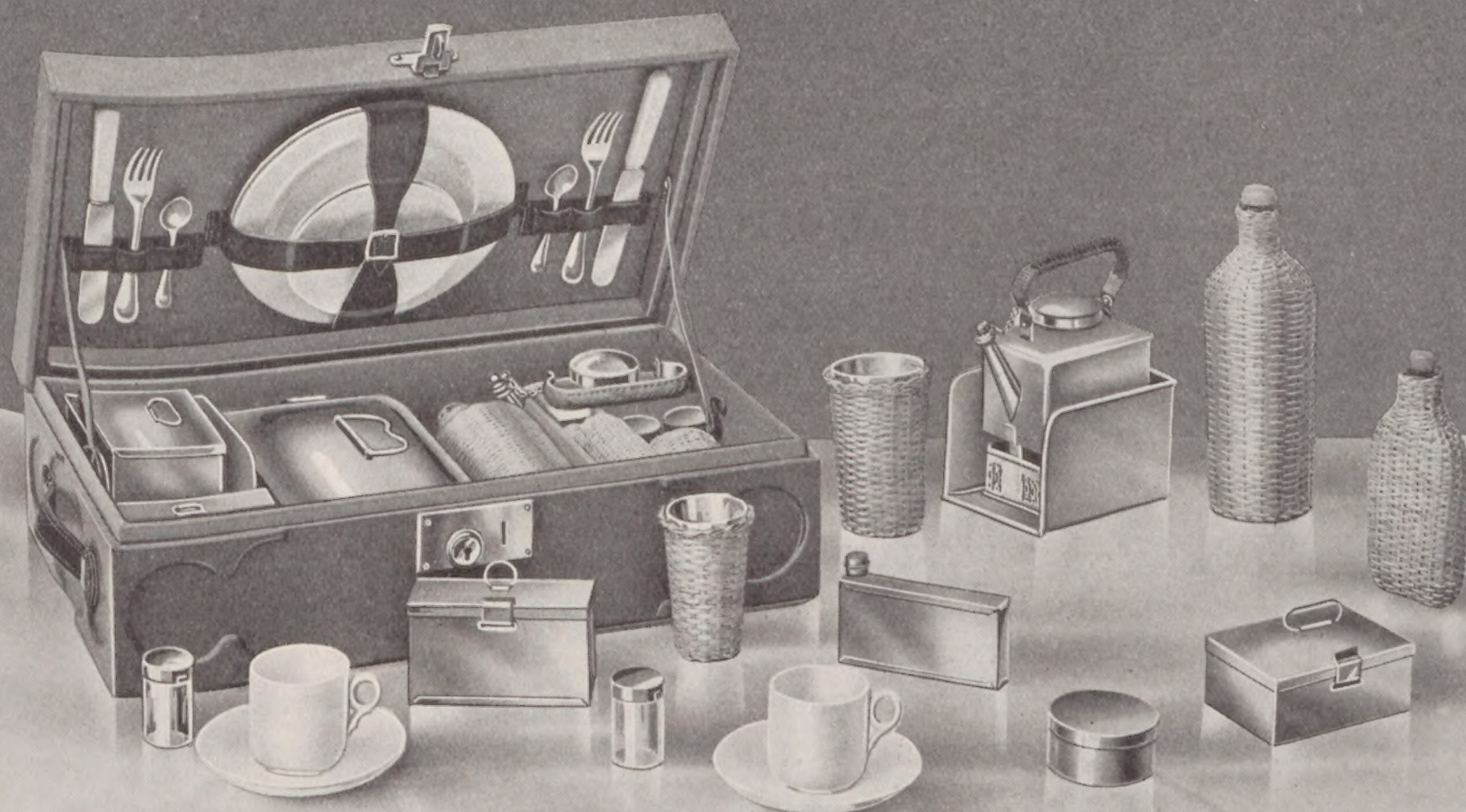
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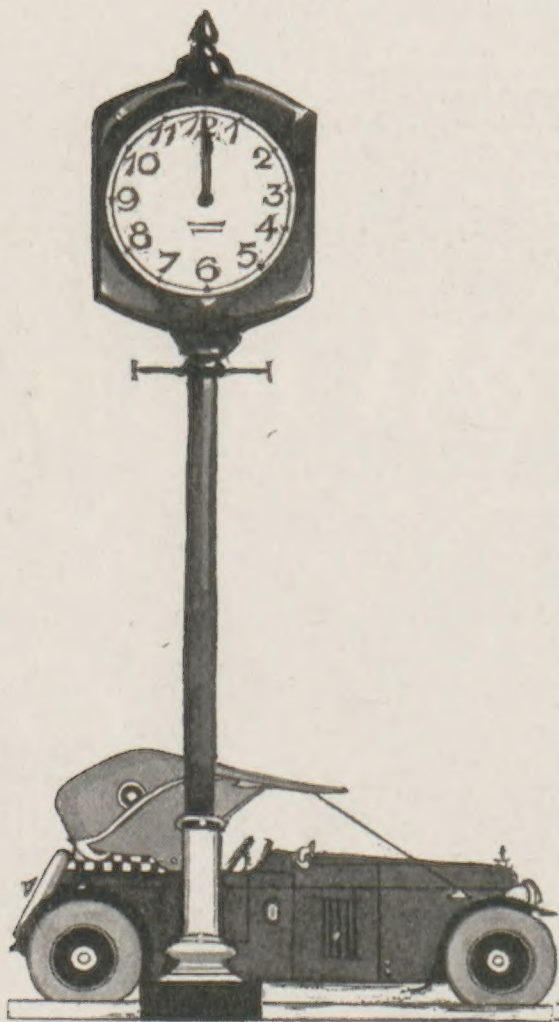




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## THE ROADS IN JULY.

*In a monthly journal it is not always possible to be absolutely up to date with road information. The information given below, however, is supplied by the Roads Department of the Automobile Association, and is not only authentic but, being in some cases anticipatory, may be taken generally as indicating local conditions on the first of the month.*



**T**HE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

The Bath road is poor in places between Colnbrook and Maidenhead; remetalling is in progress 3 miles west of Newbury, and tarspraying is fairly general in the Maidenhead, Reading and Hungerford districts.

Brighton road is in generally fair condition, care being necessary on Reigate Hill (newly tarred surface); tarspraying Pangdean to Patcham.

Full width repairs are in hand between Godstone and South Godstone on the Eastbourne road, and full-width tarring at Ashurst Wood. Extensive repairs between Hailsham and Polegate; to avoid, proceed via Ersham Road, Hailsham and Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

Great North Road generally good; caution required at Welwyn and Buckden. Tarmac is being laid from Potters Bar to Hatfield; surface bad for one mile north of Alconbury.

Caution advised through Robertsbridge on the Hastings road; full-width re-

metalling just north of Battle. The Redhill-Maidstone road is poor between Redhill-Nutfield and Limpsfield-Riverhead; care necessary between Oxted and Godstone, where cables are being laid.

The Oxford road is generally good, caution being advised at Dashwood and Aston Rowant Hills. Full-width repairs in hand at Beaconsfield and tarring at Bourne End, High Wycombe and Bodicote.

Special caution is advised between Kingston and Cobham, and also two miles south of Guildford; surface bad through Farnham, otherwise good.

Southampton road generally fair, bad stretch at Chandlersford can be avoided by turning right at Winchester for Hursley and Romsey.

Tarspraying is general on the Worthing road, which is in fair condition.

Careful driving necessary between Romford and Widford; repairs in hand at three places. Tarspraying in centre of road at Sandringham on the Lynn-Hunstanton road; care necessary. Full-width repairs at Tilney, on the Lynn-Wisbech road.

## THE MOTOR-OWNER LIGHTING-UP TABLE.

*Lighting-up time, before the war one hour after sunset and now thirty minutes earlier, is 9.48 p.m. in London on July 1st and 8.50 p.m. on August 1st. Variations in other parts of the country on those dates are given below.*

BRISTOL .. .. 9.58	9.00	EXETER .. .. 9.56	9.00	MANCHESTER .. 10.10	9.08
BIRMINGHAM .. 10.01	9.01	FALMOUTH .. .. 10.00	9.05	NEWCASTLE .. 10.16	9.11
CARLISLE .. .. 10.22	9.17	GLASGOW .. .. 10.33	9.27	NORWICH .. .. 9.49	8.49
CARNARVON .. 10.14	9.14	INVERNESS .. .. 10.45	9.34	OXFORD .. .. 9.56	8.57
DERBY .. .. 10.03	9.03	JOHN O' GROATS .. 10.50	9.36	PLYMOUTH .. .. 9.59	9.03
EDINBURGH .. 10.29	9.23	LEEDS .. .. 10.08	9.06	PORTSMOUTH .. 9.49	8.52



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